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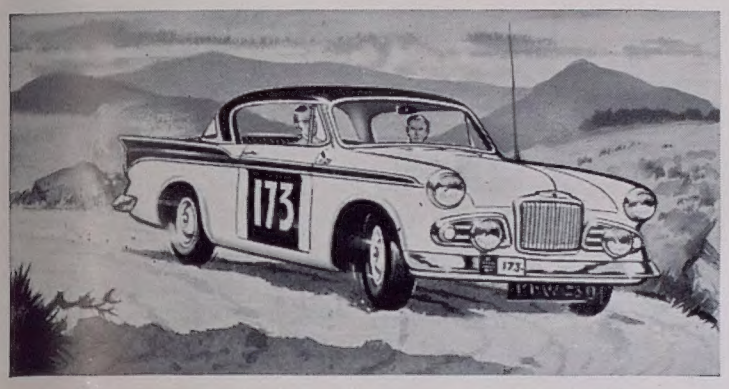
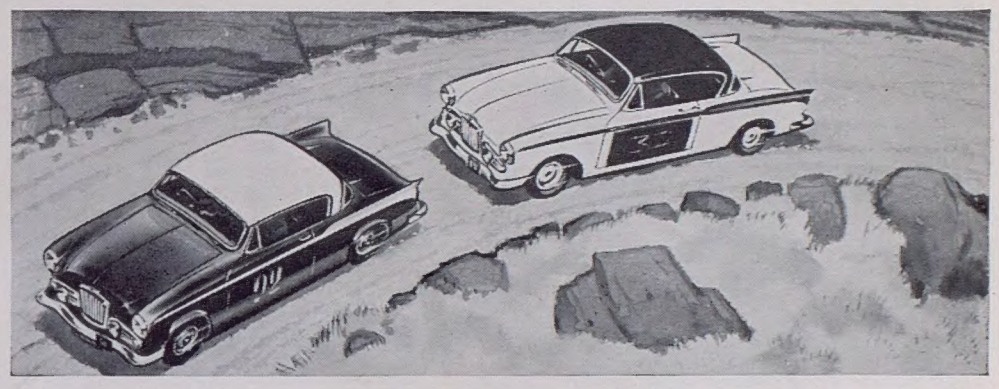
RECORD-BREAKING RALLY WINS for the SUNBEAM RAPIER

Team prizes, trophies, first places in several important international events and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes'—this impressive list of motoring honours had already been collected in 1958 by the formidable new Sunbeam Rapier—only six months after its introduction!

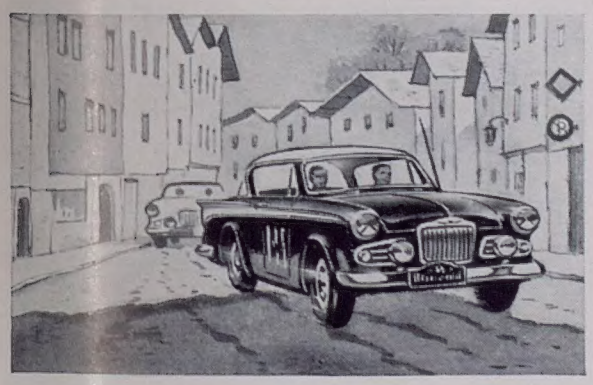
In the famous '58 Monte Carlo Rally, the Stuart Trophy for the highest placed British car went to Sunbeam Rapier. Finishing fifth in overall classification, driver Peter Harper arrived at Monte Carlo after a penalty-free 2,000 mile dash across Europe from Sweden.



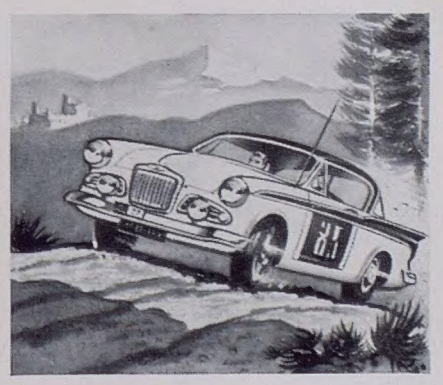
A new Sunbeam Rapier, making its competition debut, won outright Britain's 'toughest ever' international R.A.C. Rally. After 2,000 miles of snow and icy roads, Sunbeam clinched its victory with a magnificent performance in the final manoeuvrability tests.



In the gruelling 4-day Circuit of Ireland's International Rally, which led competitors from Belfast to Tramore, Killarney, Londonderry and Bangor, two new Sunbeam Rapiers took 1st and 2nd places in the popular 'closed car over 1300 c.c. class.' The winning team was J. E. Dowling and C. J. Atkinson; John Peile and R. Bell drove the other successful Sunbeam.

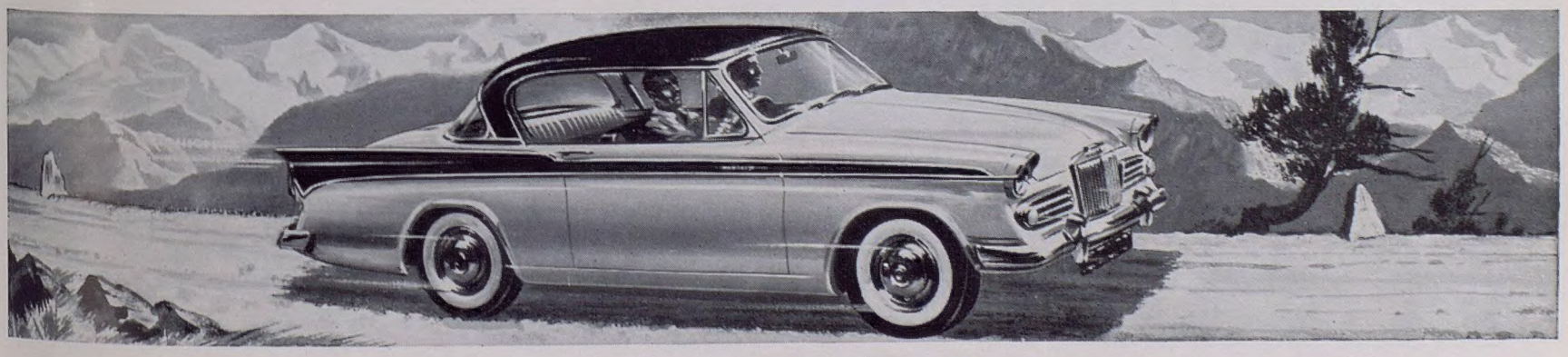


The Vosges, Jura and Auvergne mountains and the French Alps were in the route of the six-day Dutch Tulip Rally. Three works-entered Sunbeam Rapiers were awarded the coveted manufacturers' team prize.



More glory for 2 new Sunbeam Rapiers in the '58 Scottish Rally: 1st and 3rd places in the up-to-2600 c.c. class for modified touring cars.

2,600 miles of incredibly narrow, twisting mountain passes make the Alpine Rally one of Europe's toughest motoring events. A Sunbeam Rapier arrived unpenalised at Marseilles to win a class victory and a coveted 'Coupe des Alpes.'



The new 1½ litre Sunbeam Rapier sets new standards in performance, safety, comfort, looks. New featherlight steering . . . new 10" brakes with 15% better performance . . . new gear change . . . twin carburettors, compression increased to 8.5. All new features, but tested and proved perfect in the toughest Rally conditions.

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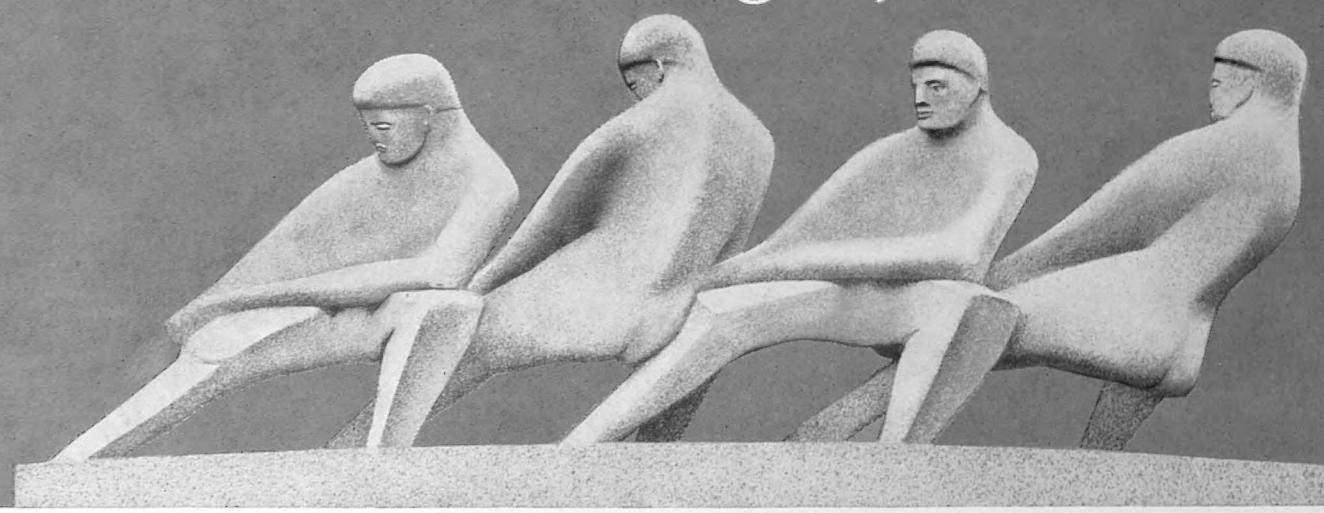

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Volume CCXXXVI No. 3073

The SPHERE, London, February 21, 1959

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS ARRIVES IN LONDON—HE RAISES HIS HAND AS HE WALKS FROM HIS AIRCRAFT AT LONDON AIRPORT: With him are the Abbot of Kykko and Mr. Seferiades (extreme left), the Greek Ambassador. A vast concourse of Greek Cypriots in London was concentrating on the airport last Sunday afternoon when the Archbishop arrived an hour earlier than was expected. Those who were able to see him gave him a tumultuous welcome. A few hours later Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish-Cypriot leader, flew in for the London Conference on the future of Cyprus and was given an equally enthusiastic welcome by his compatriots.

Last Sunday was a day of special activity at London Airport. Mr. Lennox-Boyd arrived back from Aden, having broken off his tour there to return for the London Conference on Cyprus. He was met by Sir Hugh Foot, who had flown from Cyprus two days earlier. Together they drove immediately to Chequers for talks with Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, who were also engaged at the week-end in completing plans for their Russian visit, starting to-day (February 21). Archbishop Makarios was preceded by a few hours by most of the party of twenty-four Greek-Cypriots invited by him to act as his "consultants" during the conference. Finally, shortly before midnight, Dr. Kutchuk, the Turkish-Cypriot leader, arrived. In their statements to the Press at the airport, both he and Archbishop Makarios said they were approaching the conference with open minds in a spirit of goodwill, and expressed hopes for its successful outcome. The representatives of Britain, Greece, Turkey and the two Cypriot communities met in Lancaster House last Tuesday. (Further pictures of scenes in London before the conference are on pages 276 and 277.)

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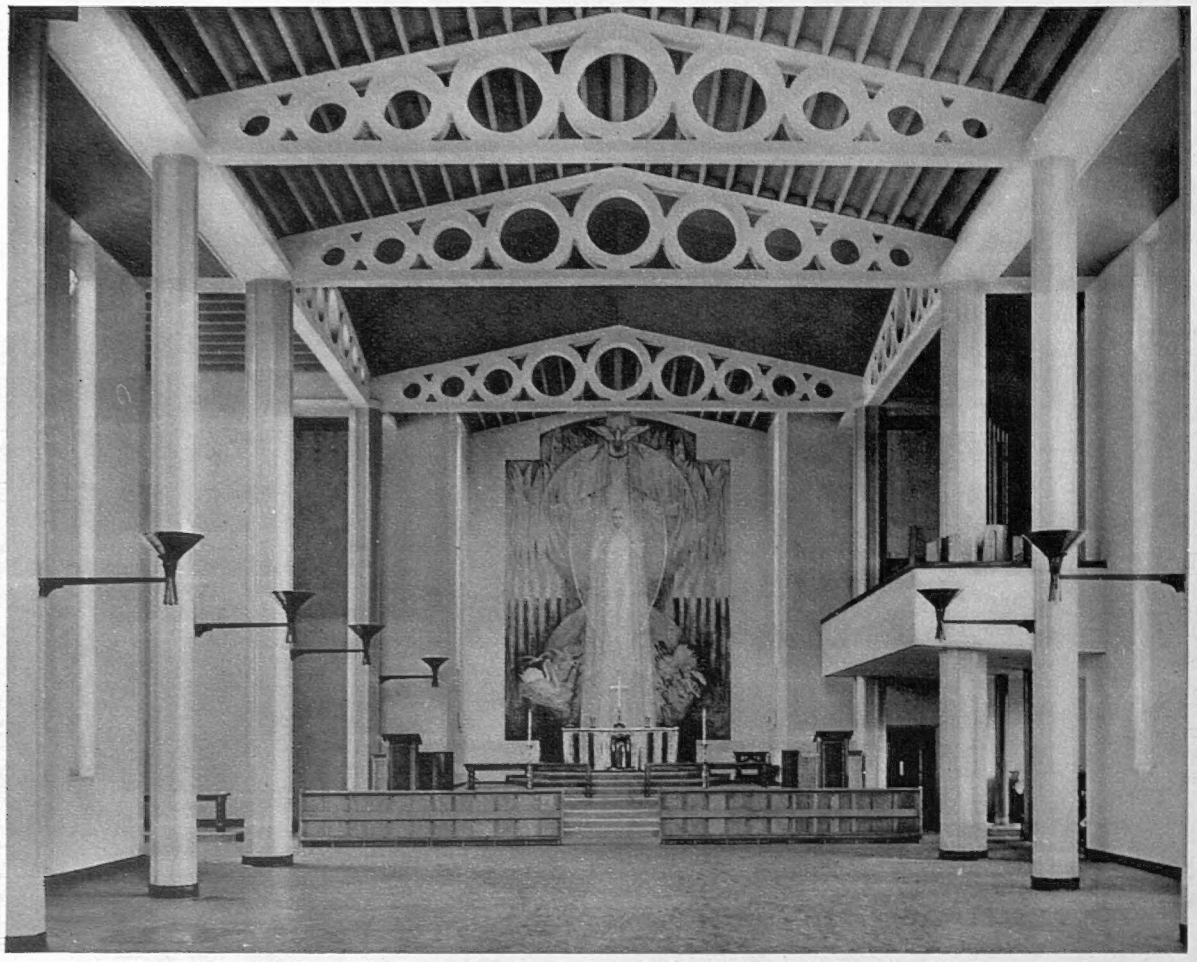
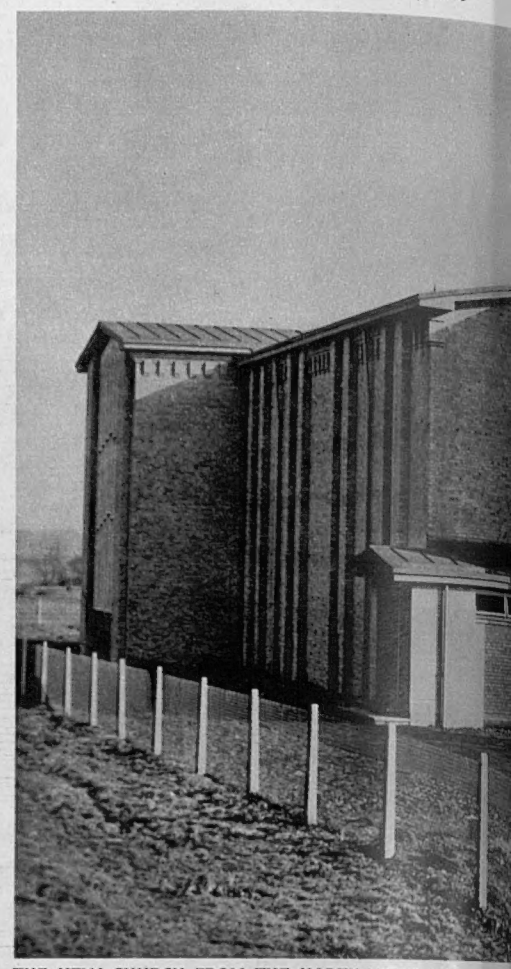


A NEW CHURCH IN GREATER LONDON: The parish church of St. Cuthbert, in North Wembley, Middlesex, was consecrated recently by the Bishop of London. In place of the east window over the High Altar is a mural which depicts the Glorified Christ acting as a bridge between the earthly and heavenly spheres. Floor "storage" heating has been installed in the church.



THE NEW CHURCH FROM THE NORTH-WEST: It replaces t bombed during the war. More than 600 people, includi The mission district served by St. Cuthbert's w

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Miracle at Zürich?—Is there something in the air of Switzerland that has made possible an event which no political wizard a month ago would have dreamed of prophesying? Here in London this week are the Foreign Ministers of Greece and Turkey with an agreed plan in their pockets for a settlement of Cyprus' insoluble problem, a plan to which even Makarios seemed to give at least qualified approval on his arrival for the talks. It is not the Swiss air, nor the failure of the Greek appeal to U.N., nor Turkey's new frontier fears that worked the miracle which knocked harmony and sense into two bitterly opposed nations. It was the old, old story of the sword outwearing its sheath. A time comes when senseless slaughter and rapine and sabotage sickens all concerned in it, directly or indirectly; and every interest is at last prepared to make personal sacrifices to save something from the wreck. Enosis and partition, for which one side or the other was ready only yesterday to stand and die, are out. Britain is to sacrifice a colony, a vital island, and make do with a military base of some sort. The Turkish Cypriots must accept a protected minority status with some troops to guarantee its protection. The Greeks resign a territorial claim as of right, to save something from a "heritage" which was fast growing *damnosa*. If all concerned accept the plan, will it work and for how long?

October Election?—The political wizards, who can penetrate to the arcana of Cabinet Ministers' minds, tell us now that there will be no Spring election. When the pheasants are due again to be shot, then will the nation go to the polls. It may be so. The wizards say that there are still two great targets to be riddled before the Government invites us to give them another five-year mandate. A summit conference and jobs for all the boys willing to work. The first of these targets is not very compelling if nothing but "a useful exchange of views" result from it. The second depends on much more than a wave of a wand, for unemployment has now exceeded the bad record of 1947 and is well over 600,000. It depends on the economies of other nations, on restraint in wage claims and shorter hours, on the willingness and ability of our overseas markets to buy our goods at the prices we can afford to sell them. Above all, for October to be a god-sent occasion for the Tories to "offer themselves for re-election," it depends on no unforeseen or unforseeable deadly event taking place between now and October. Such snags might include another Suez, another Berlin unpleasantness, another American recession, a chance assassination or other blaze-up in the Middle East or on any other match struck in the world's great powder magazine. If any such should occur, how very vulnerable this nation would be as it plunges deeper and deeper, with Government encouragement, into the red of never-never! Already, the average voter owes far more than he can ever pay for luxuries he has not earned and therefore does not deserve to enjoy. At the moment, the pound may sometimes soar at the expense of the dollar. But should any sudden nipping frost strike our hopeful glass-house blossoms, then indeed the October garden will look less colourful, and, as in the great American recession, there will be no golden chrysanthemums in the autumn border, but a musk and a moaning.

"The World My Parish"—A mere decade ago the earth's surface was not yet regarded as an average-size parish. So short a time ago Sovereigns, statesmen, business executives and lesser men were only just beginning to use the undoubted advantages of comparatively safe and punctual air travel to prosecute their contacts and see things for themselves (or be seen) in all parts of the world. They were only just beginning to accept it that transcontinental flights were every whit as "safe" as travel by ship and train (and far safer than by road, and to gain the necessary confidence to exploit a transport which shortened weeks into hours). In the 1940's we were still toying with the wonderful fact that people would soon breakfast in London and have a late luncheon in New York. What a decade of triumph for aircraft designers! And how "safe" these 500-m.p.h. journeys are, for V.I.P.s at any rate. We do not hear of disasters to V.I.P.s; though it seems that all too many less important people meet disaster. Still, what a triumph for the designers and the crews! The modern air liner is not only the normal, but the only possible, transport for Sovereigns, Premiers, Presidents and statesmen all over the world—and with this result in Britain alone: Parliament is sitting, and the Premier and Foreign Secretary are visiting Moscow, Paris, Bonn and perhaps Washington, after Ulster. The Queen Mother is in Kenya, Prince Philip in the Far East, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter in South America. As for Mr. Dulles, no longer young, sick in body and obviously in need of rest, he has been of late perpetually airborne and seldom spends three nights in the same city on the world's face.

Hats off to Elastic Eld—Still, I think I reserve the deepest sweep of my hat in tribute to the older men and women who have accepted and embraced this form of transport which belongs as of right to a generation twice removed from their own; a method of travel which even in their middle age was regarded by the now-elderly as hazardous in the extreme and not very dependable. George V never flew in an aeroplane and disliked its use by his sons. He died little more than twenty years ago. And now a flight across the world for an hour's conversation or to open an exhibition or to explore an avenue is undertaken by Royalties and world statesmen as a matter of course at a moment's notice. What good comes of it all at last is another matter, too complicated for present examination, but at least, it seems, the charms of the Queen and the Queen Mother and other Royal ladies usually overcome boycotts or postpone sectional political controversies while their visits last. When I think of Mr. Chamberlain and his umbrella packed into a hazardous little plane for a hazardous journey to Germany in '38 and the praise accorded to an old man's pluck, I am conscious of the triumphs of science—and senility. My father was born when "the devil's kettle on wheels"—the railway—was still suspect and unpopular, and my grandfather, whom I well remember, was in his middle twenties when Sir Robert Peel, summoned in 1834 to form a Ministry, could get to London from Rome no quicker than could Hadrian. We have "stepped up the tempo" of history and turned the world into a single parish, and it only remains to make it a peaceful, God-fearing, well-organised parish.

Party Political Stunt?—Conservative leader-writers were quite justified in making common cause last week to condemn all those who are making Party capital out of Mr. Macmillan's Moscow visit and using it as a weapon (as suitable as the Preston by-pass

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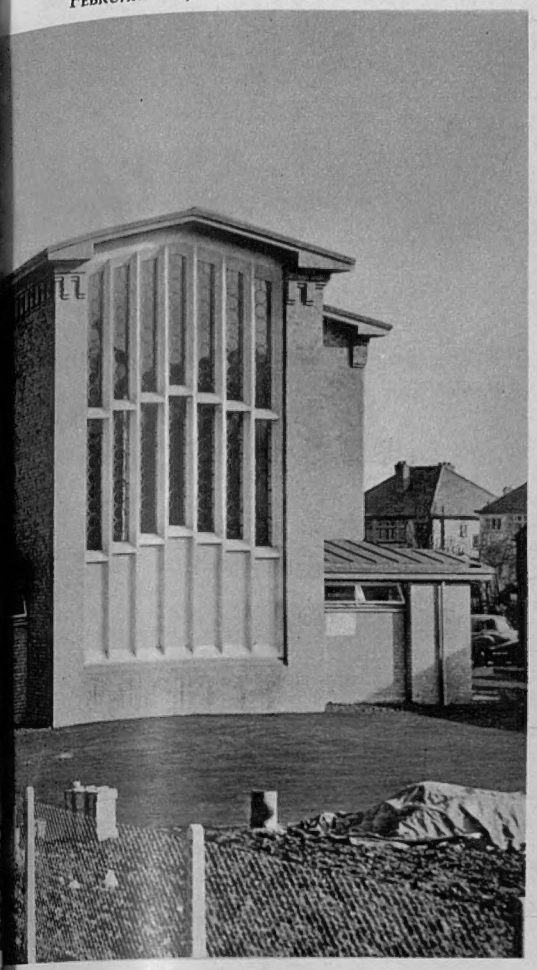


riginal mission church which opened in 1938 and which was the Mayor of Wembley, attended the Consecration service. made a conventional district in 1950 and a parish in 1953.

MARCHING OFF THE PARADE GROUND: Officer cadets climb the steps leading from the parade ground at the Mons Officer Cadet School at Aldershot. They had taken part in the march-past of the commissioning parade at the school. On the dais with his back to the camera is Lieut.-General Sir C. F. Charles Coleman (right), the G.O.C. in C. Eastern Command.

debacle) with which to score a point in the pre-election duel. They say with justice that such conduct and the pre-election wordy duel itself are not good for the reputation of Parliament, but they probably are too optimistic in assuring us that nowadays nobody takes Party politics seriously. The combatants certainly do. But this Moscow visit is patently an unsuitable subject for Party scores. I cannot believe that Mr. Macmillan would have chosen the dates for his visit in cool Party-political deliberation. At a busy time, he leaves the Government Front Bench as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. The two chief Ministers will be away for two weeks at least, the Chancellor is preoccupied with his Budget. All depends on Mr. Butler, not yet convalescent and already utterly overworked, standing up to the extra strain. Foreign affairs will presumably be looked into by Lord Home and frequent telephone conversations between principals and deputies will not always be possible during the Russian tour. And matters within the purview of Premier and Foreign Secretary, inside Parliament and among the Chancelleries, are of peculiar importance this month. It is fair to assume that Mr. Macmillan, taking a calculated risk, weighed the importance of the time factor for this Moscow contact and found it out-balanced the time factor on the home front. It is a mean mind that would brand it as a pre-election stunt. Mr. Macmillan has no expectation of tangible results in a matter of weeks or months.

Televising Parliamentary Debates—The question of televising debates in Parliament is likely to remain academic for some time. It is not a decision for a Government but for the House itself, and opinion in Parliament is fluid and still indeterminate. No doubt it will come one day as a regular TV feature, beginning probably with a single concession for some historic debate or perhaps a Budget debate. But certainly in election year no such experiment would be agreed by the House, for that would turn serious debate into barefaced propaganda, and each Party would suspect the other of pulling a fast one. If it comes and when it comes, shall we as a nation be the gainers? I rather doubt it. We have our fair ration of politics already on our programmes, in the news, in Party broadcasts, in symposia on political and economic questions, and I am not sure that a daily TV feature of "To-day in Parliament" would long prove a popular substitute for the political scraps we gather up from other sources. On the whole, I think, a certain measure of mystery is as good for the "House" as for a monarchy. Those who never attend Parliamentary debates and those who read only *Hansard*, may cherish the idea that oratory still maintains a high level and that Foxes and Burkes and Sheridans still abound and flourish. But if we could daily see with our own eyes our orators shuffling the scripts of their set pieces on dreary subjects, and hear some of the gags and interruptions and see the faces of the men and women who made them, it is possible that the Mother of Parliaments might lose a shred of her reputation. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*. Better not tear down the veil of the temple.

WINNER OF THE SHROVETIDE PANCAKE RACE: Outside the church at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, Mrs. Bridget Lowrie receives a pressure-cooker from air stewardess Joan Haan. The Vicar of Olney, the Rev. Ronald Collins, is on the left. Other Shrovetide events are on page 281.

Civilisation's Capital—A stroll down Piccadilly, if you don't cross the street, and can avoid the house-breakers on the pavement, should still be an adventure involving little risk to life and full of human interest—in the capital of Civilisation! But gangsters and gunmen seem to have got swollen heads as a result of their many successes, and the raid on Barnett's, in the Burlington Arcade, suggests almost reckless vanity and confidence. For the Arcade is a narrow corridor patrolled and guarded by doughty beadles from the 10th Hussars, and along its 200 yards of narrow passage-way running is forbidden and suspect. Moreover, at neither of its exits can a waiting car long escape police attention or suspicion. But Barnett's jewellery was selected as a target, and in the chase that followed a clumsy effort, shots were fired and many innocent people put in peril of their lives, while precious stones rolled along pavement and gutter. More like Chicago in the bad old days! But a comforting proof that the citizens of London have taken note of recent official reminders of their duty to aid the civil power with their bare hands was forthcoming. Men and boys panted after the thieves or dialled 999 and a very pretty hunt was soon up. There was no kill in the open but the terriers are in the earth and are making progress.

Viva Voce—I take it that Alastair Sim has a golden voice. I listen to a good many voices and I am struck by the number of them that are anything but golden. All too many of those owned by V.I.P.s (from ex-Premiers down to minor scientists) stutter, slur their words and mispronounce them or else are raucous, sibilant, rough or inaudible. I spoke only last week of a golden voice, Arthur Wontner's, and not 2 per cent. of the voices I hear are worthy to be listed among golden voices. Indeed, they are as rare as refreshing in these days of non-stop public talk. If it were easy to imitate a golden voice, our culture would benefit greatly and imitation should be encouraged. But imitation—a sincere form of flattery—must stop short of *impersonation*, or appeal may be made to the law to restrain an imitator. Mr. Sims detests baked beans and a voice startlingly like his has been heard boosting beans on ITV. The Court of Appeal did not think Mr. Sim had suffered injury—it is a matter for juries to decide in every case. It suggested that the imitation might have given him useful publicity. But Mr. Sim hates publicity even more than baked beans. There the matter rests. But I should buy more advertised goods if they were recommended by an Ainley or a Wontner, and listen to more broadcast talks and interviews if the V.I.P.s would only go to elocution school. At the present level of elocution, indeed, I rather enjoy the sound of my own voice, a confession not 100 per cent. vanity.

Pests—We are never long free of them. They laugh at all efforts to keep them under control. If it isn't rabbits, it's grey squirrels or pigeons or magpies or deer or moles or influenza or measles. To-day the whole lot I have listed are seeded players with the little gentleman in velvet at the top. There never was such a resurgence (the *mot juste*) of moles in the fields, lawns and beds. I was once an expert molester, and have a large file of mole correspondence and remedies. But moles have forsaken their old runs and acquired new habits, and neither gas, nor sulphur fumes, nor traps, can be effective between mole-hills. Rabbits are on the up-rise again and seem to laugh at the foul disease that so recently devastated them. Deer are always the bugbear of farmers and foresters (though I rather blushed for Lord Chesham, himself an experienced game shot, when he was compelled by permanent officials to minimise the cruelty caused to deer by indiscriminate farmers' shoots with scatter-guns at 80 yards range). Magpies and pigeons are plentiful and hard to kill; 'flu and measles rampant. As for 'flu, Eton has been stricken with it. But what else can you expect when the golden boys are returned to antiquated buildings, impossible to heat, and lapped by the mud and ooze of the overflowed Thames, in the middle of a harsh winter? Wherever men or boys, golden or otherwise, are gathered together—even in a cosy, modernised private school—this age-old pest interrupts their business or education and wastes uncountable time and money year after year. The scientists can't cure these things, money cannot buy the raiders off. Small wonder, then, that we pour out our millions on destroying our earth and reaching for the moon.

THE OLD STAGER

WAITING FOR ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS : A dense crowd of Greek Cypriots carrying flags and banners is gathered at London Airport to welcome the Archbishop. Few saw him, as he arrived an hour early and left by a side entrance.

THE CYPRUS CONFERENCE

Arrivals in London and the Vital Talks on the Island's Future

Rarely can international talks have begun in such an atmosphere of optimism as did the London conference on Cyprus last Tuesday. In the days before it opened all the participants had expressed sentiments of good will and a desire for a constructive approach to the problem of the future of the island. Much credit was due to the Greeks and Turks for having come together in Zürich and worked out the initial plan. But above all, the fact that the conference was able to assemble at all was the reward of long months of the unwavering and consistent British policy that the welfare of the Cypriots and not considerations of outside nations must always be paramount in any settlement which could give security to Cyprus.

On right—

THE GREEK MAYOR OF NICOSIA: Dr. Dervas is interviewed on his arrival in London. He was one of the twenty-four Greek Cypriots, representative of many sections of the community, who were invited to London by Archbishop Makarios as his advisers during the talks.

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE TURKISH CYPRIOTS: Dr. Kutchuk (left), the Turkish-Cypriot leader, and Mr. Denktash, his deputy, walk from the aircraft which brought them from Cyprus. In an interview Dr. Kutchuk said that he thought the Greek-Turkish plan for the future of the island was "good and constructive."

PRE-CONFERENCE DISCUSSIONS: Mr. Zorlu (left), Turkish Foreign Minister, and Mr. Averoff, Greek Foreign Minister, arrive at the Foreign Office. The Greek-Turkish agreement paved the way for the Conference.

"HAPPY TO BE IN LONDON": Archbishop Makarios makes a statement to the Press at London Airport. **He said he was "very happy indeed to be in London" for a conference on a solution of the Cyprus problem.** He believed that all concerned wanted to make a constructive approach to the coming discussions. "I go to the conference," added the Archbishop, "with the utmost goodwill and friendliness toward all, and particularly toward those with whom good relations have been temporarily disturbed."

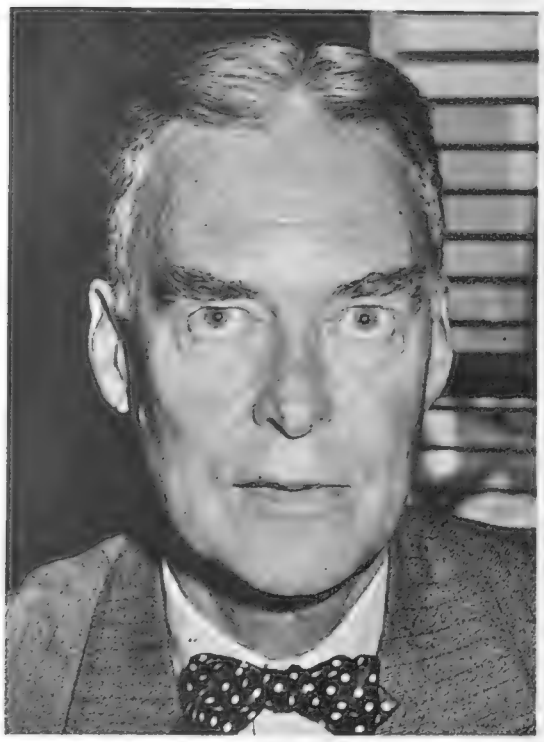
THE GOVERNOR OF CYPRUS ARRIVES: Sir Hugh Foot, wearing a flying suit, jumps from the R.A.F. Canberra which flew him hurriedly from Nicosia. He said that the events of the past few weeks regarding developments in Cyprus appeared to him "something very like a miracle."

ACKNOWLEDGING THE WELCOME OF HIS COMPATRIOTS: Archbishop Makarios waves to acknowledge the cheers from the Greek Cypriots gathered at the airport. With him are the Bishop of Kitium and Mr. Seferiades, the Greek Ambassador in London.

THE U.S. PRESIDENT VISITS MR. DULLES: Mr. Eisenhower leaves the Walter Reed Hospital, in Washington, accompanied by the Hospital Commandant, Major-General L. Heaton. It was announced that Mr. Dulles had cancer and would have to undergo radiation treatment for an undetermined period. Owing to the Secretary of State's age—he will be seventy-one next week—and other physical factors it was feared that he may be a permanent invalid. Mr. Eisenhower appeared to hope that he would recover sufficiently to remain as the Administration's chief formulator of foreign policy. Mr. Dulles was operated on for cancer two years ago but since then showed no signs of stopping his innumerable journeys to many parts of the world. As the architect of American foreign policy, Mr. Dulles covered some 560,000 miles in the last six years. Speculation in Washington on a possible successor had been rife following the first announcement that Mr. Dulles was in hospital for a hernia operation. The conduct of foreign affairs was assumed by his deputy, Mr. Christian Herter, who said he would be willing to serve as Secretary of State if asked. In his absence, Mr. Douglas Dillon, Under-Secretary for Economic Affairs, would take over. Others mentioned as a possible new Secretary of State have been Mr. Cabot Lodge, American representative at U.N., General Gruenther, a friend of Mr. Eisenhower, and Mr. John McCloy, formerly High Commissioner for Germany. There was, however, no sign that a successor to Mr. Dulles was contemplated. (Mr. Dulles goes into hospital—picture on page 282.)

CRISIS IN WASHINGTON

Consequences of Mr. Dulles' Illness



POSSIBLE SUCCESSORS: Mr. Christian Herter, Mr. Dulles's deputy, has assumed the direction of U.S. Foreign policy. He is prone to bouts of arthritis which sometimes necessitate the use of crutches. In Washington, the unofficial view has been that Mr. Herter has not fully agreed with Mr. Dulles's opinions on the German problem. *Right*—Mr. Douglas Dillon, Under-Secretary for Economic Affairs, and assisting Mr. Herter in foreign affairs, is seen outside the White House, in Washington.

VISITING THE HOSPITAL: Mrs. Dulles (right), accompanied by Miss Eleanor Dulles, the Secretary of State's sister, arrives at the hospital in Washington to see her husband.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

INAUGURATION OF THE ADEN FEDERATION: Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Colonial Secretary, greets one of the rulers of six states forming the new Federation in West Aden Protectorate at Champion Lines, the headquarters of the Western Aden Protectorate Security Forces. In the left background at the inauguration ceremony is Sir William Luce, the Governor of Aden. The six states concerned are Beihan, Dhala, Audhali, Fadhli, Lower Yafa and Upper Aulaqi. In his speech Mr. Lennox-Boyd declared: "This Federation poses a threat to no one and to no country. It has come into existence by the will of the people acting through their traditional tribal leaders, and it has come into existence so that the Amirates of this territory can give expression to their desire to pool their resources, to live without fear of subversion or attack." Under the terms of the Federation, Britain provides military and economic aid and controls the Federation's foreign relations.

CELEBRATING THE NEW CONSTITUTION: Sitting on the ground in Arab fashion, Mr. Lennox-Boyd listens to the Sultan of Audhali at a banquet held to mark the start of the West Aden Federation. At the formal inauguration the six chiefs in the Federation had signed the Constitution, taken the oath of allegiance and signed a treaty with Britain.

TAKING OVER AS A PARTY PRESIDENT: Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the daughter of Mr. Nehru, Prime Minister of India, is seen in Delhi after she had taken over the Presidency of the Indian Congress Party. Left is U. N. Dheber, who is a former President of the Party.

THE EX-PRESIDENT OF CUBA: Fulgencio Batista (right) stands with his son Jorge in his hotel near Ciudad Trujillo, in the Dominican Republic. He was refused permission to enter France and there have been reports that Dr. Castro has been seeking the ex-President's extradition from the Dominican Republic.

DR. JOHN REFUSED ADMISSION TO BRITAIN: The former head of the West German Office for Protection of the Constitution is escorted back to the Channel steamer *Prince Philippe* at Dover. He said he wanted to visit his wife in London. When he was head of the West German Security Service, Dr. John disappeared and was eventually traced to East Germany. He reappeared a year later. At the Federal Court at Karlsruhe, he was sentenced to prison for "treasonous conspiracy."

INSIDE THE ICELANDIC FOUR-MILE LIMIT: The British Fisheries Protection vessel *Agincourt* (right) steams past the British trawler *Valafell* (left), arrested by the Icelandic coastguard vessel *Thor* (foreground). At first the *Agincourt* prevented the arrest, but an Admiralty signal later led to the *Valafell* being taken to Seydisfjoerdur. In court, the skipper of *Valafell*, Roland Pretious, admitted he was inside the four-mile limit, but pleaded his radar set was out of order. He was fined about £1,600 and his catch and gear were confiscated. The company owning the trawler put up security against payment of the fine and paid about £1,500 to keep the catch and gear. The charge against the skipper of the British trawler was that he was fishing 8.8 miles inside the new 12-mile limit.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE QUEEN MOTHER ATTENDS A MASAI TRIBAL GATHERING: Her Majesty is welcomed to Narok, the Masai capital, during her visit to Kenya and Uganda. Shortly after she had said to the gathering "I hope you will be blessed with good rains," Narok had its first downpour for weeks.

On left—

IN NAIROBI: The Queen Mother talks with a group of Boy Scouts outside the Cathedral. In the background is the Bishop of Mombasa, the Rt. Rev. L. J. Beecher, and on the right, the Provost of the Cathedral, the Very Rev. G. Lester. A few days later, the Queen Mother flew to Nakuru, capital of the Rift Valley Province, to open the new headquarters of the Kenya Farmers' Association, and to start her journey by train through the agricultural areas of the province.

CRUISING IN MOMBASA HARBOUR: Two Arab dhows race past the launch carrying the Queen Mother. Earlier, at a ceremony in the Old Port, an address of welcome was presented to the Royal visitor by Sheikh Mbarak Ali Hinawy, who is the Liwali of the coast.

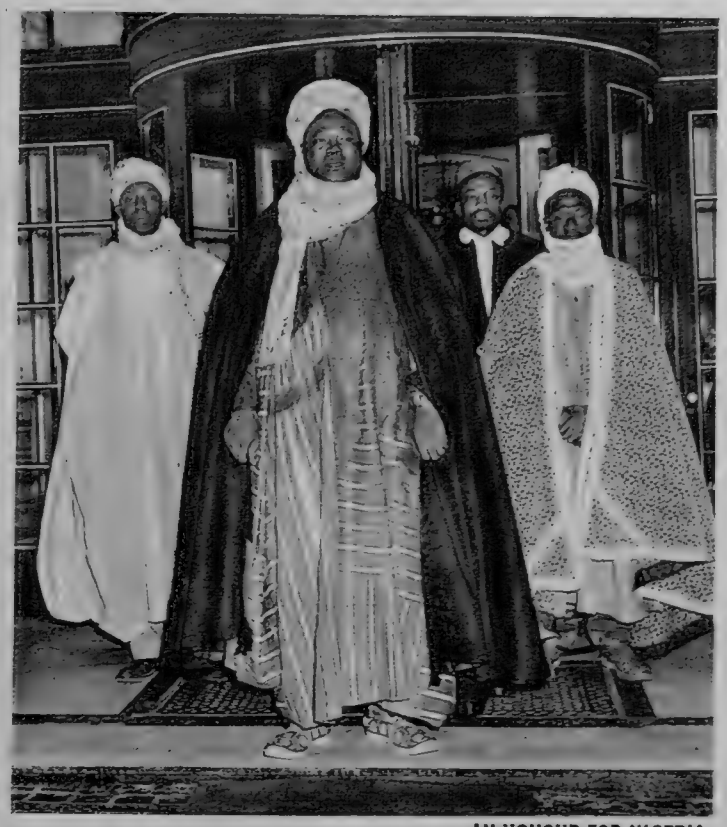
On right—

THE DUCHESS OF KENT IN MEXICO CITY: Her Royal Highness is accompanied by her daughter, Princess Alexandra, and the British Ambassador, Sir Andrew Noble, during a ceremony at the Independence Monument. Shortly after their arrival in Mexico the Royal visitors met President Lopez Mateos and the Duchess, on behalf of the Queen, handed him the insignia of the G.C.M.G.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN LAHORE: He is conducted on a tour of the Mogul Fort shortly after his arrival in the capital of West Pakistan. In the centre of the group is the State Governor, Akhtar Hussain. Towards the end of his stay in Pakistan the Duke visited the North-West Frontier.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A SOUTH AFRICAN OCCASION IN LONDON: At a dinner of the South Africa Club are, from the left: Lord Home, Commonwealth Relations Secretary; Mr. A. P. Penman, Chairman of the South Africa Club Committee; Lady Home; Dr. Van Rhijn, High Commissioner for South Africa to Britain, and Mrs. Van Rhijn. The dinner was given by the club, which is an organisation sponsored by people interested in South Africa, to welcome Dr. Van Rhijn to his new post and to greet Lord Home on his return from his visit to Malaya.



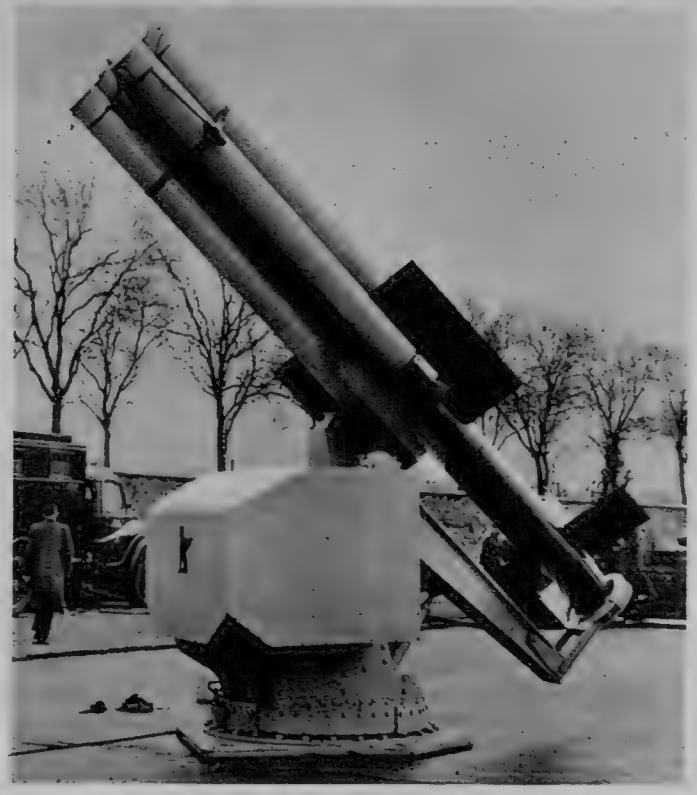
AN HONOUR FOR NIGERIA: The Sardauna of Sokoto, the Premier of Northern Nigeria, leaves a hotel in London for Buckingham Palace to receive the knighthood awarded him in the recent Honours List. Northern Nigeria becomes self-governing next month. The other two regions of the country were granted that status two years ago. The entire Colony will become a fully sovereign state in 1960.

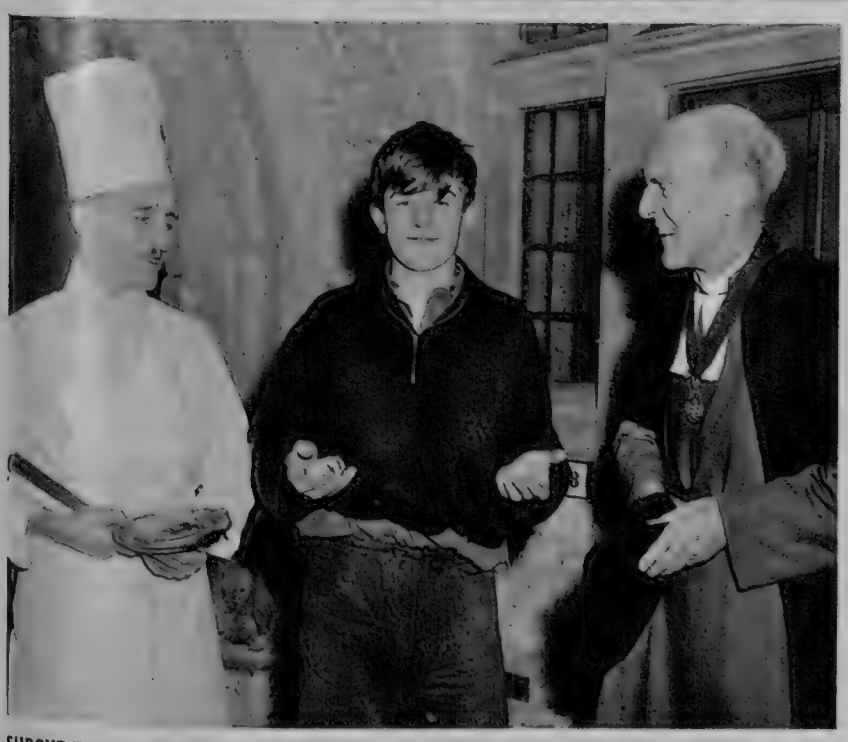
On right—

A NEW MILITARY CARRIER: A 175-mm. gun is mounted on a prototype for a new carrier which is being developed for the United States Army. It is of lighter weight than previous carriers and can move at higher speed over difficult terrain. Several types of gun can be mounted for transport on the carrier.

On left—

A NEW BRITISH MISSILE: This is one of the first pictures to be released of the Seaslug, a surface-to-air guided missile. The weapon has undergone extensive trials on the Royal Navy's test-ship H.M.S. *Girdle Ness*. Last week the Defence White Paper stated that the Seaslug was to be the primary long-range anti-aircraft weapon for four new County Class ships. They will be equipped with the Sea-cat guided missile for their close air defence.





SHROVE TUESDAY AT WESTMINSTER: The winner of the annual pancake "scramble" at Westminster School, Nicholas Read, stands with the Dean of Westminster, Dr. Don, and the school chef, Mr. Sellars. One boy from each form takes part in the scramble; the chef tosses a pancake and the boy who grabs the largest piece in the ensuing melee is awarded a guinea by the Dean. The custom is at least 200 years old. Owing to the fact that the School Hall is being rebuilt the scramble took place this year in the gym.

AN ANNUAL CUSTOM IN THE CITY: The "Alconner," Mr. Swanson (left), and a "Servitor," Mr. Eyles (centre), dispense hot spiced ale from a massive silver goblet to members of the City Livery Club. Before receiving their ale the members are offered spiced buns by the Servitors. The custom is observed each Shrove Tuesday at the premises of the Club in London, and the Alconner and Servitors wear their Tudor hats and livery gowns. The members of the Club are all members of the City Livery Companies.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. DULLES ENTERS HOSPITAL: The United States Secretary of State arrives at the Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington. He is being greeted by Major-General Heaton. The day after Mr. Dulles returned from his visit to London, Paris and Bonn, it was announced in Washington that he was to go into hospital for an operation for hernia. In a formal letter to President Eisenhower, the Secretary of State said that his doctors also advised him that he had not altogether thrown off the effects of the illness which he suffered last December and that besides the operation he needed time for rest and recuperation. Therefore he asked to be allowed to relinquish his duties "for a short period." During Mr. Dulles' absence, Mr. Herter, Under-Secretary of State, and Mr. Dillon, Under-Secretary for Economic Affairs, are in charge at the State Department. Last Saturday it was announced that Mr. Dulles was suffering from cancer.

THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER IN ALGERIA: M. Debré shakes hands in Algiers with General Massu, one of the leaders in the *coup* last year which led to the return to power of General de Gaulle. The Premier of France had a mixed reception during his first visit in office to North Africa. There was a hostile demonstration by groups of young men when he laid a ceremonial wreath on the war memorial in Algiers. They called for the execution of Ben Bella, the rebel leader, who has been released by General de Gaulle and placed under house arrest. Other demonstrations indicated that there is a widespread fear among the more extreme settlers that the President plans to end the Algerian war through negotiation and not by force of arms. In a broadcast M. Debré declared that President de Gaulle's policy, based on his appeal for a "peace of the brave," was the only solution for Algeria.

On right—

HOME FROM MOSCOW: Signor Togliatti, the veteran leader of the Italian Communist Party, arrives in Rome. He was returning from Moscow, where he had headed the delegation of the Italian Communist party at the Congress of the Russian Communist Party.

AFTER THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST CONGRESS: Herr Ulbricht (left), the Secretary-General of the East German Communist Party, and Herr Grotewohl, the East German Prime Minister, carry bunches of flowers presented to them on their return to East Berlin from Russia. In a statement, Herr Ulbricht declared that if no positive proposals were made on the German problem by West Germany, Russia would sign a German peace treaty. This was taken to mean that Russia would sign with East Germany alone. Herr Grotewohl, who also made a statement, referred to the Soviet proposal for talks between East and West Germany on the subject of reunification, and claimed that this plan had the support of several of the uncommitted nations.

THE RESURRECTION OF OKINAWA : The picture shows the rebuilding of the island to the south of Japan which was the scene of one of the hardest-fought battles of the war. From the left foreground runs a four-lane highway into Naha, the capital. Okinawa was a last stronghold of the Japanese in the spring of 1945. It was eventually captured by the Americans after a tremendous slaughter and widespread destruction of property.

SUSPECTED SABOTAGE IN INDONESIA: The wreckage of a train is piled high round the line about 100 miles from Jakarta. Five persons were killed and fifteen others seriously injured when the train, which was for the most part carrying freight, ran off the rails. Large quantities of goods were crushed in the wrecked trucks. The derailment was reported to have been the work of rebels in the district.

World Affairs

LIGHT AND SHADE IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

By JOHN CONNELL

EARLY this month somebody began to display considerable, if belated, wisdom over the sad, perplexing problem of Cyprus. It was sensible of the Greek and Turkish Governments to try to get together, not in Athens or Istanbul, or even the headquarters of the United Nations, but in Zurich. It was sensible not to invite representatives of Her Majesty's Government, or of the Cypriots, to the discussions in the initial stages. It was courageous—as well as sensible—to try to work out a genuinely new solution, not to try to reassemble the battered ruins of all those which have been attempted and discarded. So rare a combination of pluck and intelligence, applied to an intractable international issue, was surely deserving of success. In the dramatic developments of the latter part of last week, that success appeared to be brought a good many stages nearer achievement.

Matters in Cyprus, after nearly four years of crisis (it was at Easter 1955 that I passed through the island, and became aware of the bleak foreboding of coming disaster; and not all the *retsina*, the laughter and the joy of Athens could dispel that dread in me), appeared to be about to reach the ultimate, perilous stalemate.

It had become one of those desolately familiar situations—like Ireland, like Palestine, like the Hindu-Muslim conflict in India—in which two racial communities, differing socially, culturally and in religion, but both seeking political and constitutional independence, repeatedly see their mutually conflicting purposes frustrated; in frustration they turn to violence; the ruling Power, with a weary but rigid sense of its own responsibility, seeks to suppress violence as impartially as it can, and restore law and order; the contending communities turn on it and each other; the result is a stalemate which leads to another outburst of violence, and that leads back in turn to an even more depressing stalemate. There seems then to be no way out: a vicious cycle of despair has been established; and everyone involved is too tired, too angry, too hurt and too frightened to be able to break it.

Such a situation calls for an heroic attempt at a solution, which is seldom anywhere near perfect. The final breakthrough of the perimeter of frustration takes a variety of forms. There is the pattern of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of December 1921; and the unforgettable accounts of Lloyd George mixing cajolery and threats and charm, of Lionel Curtis and Tom Jones toiling as industriously as moles in the background; of the Irish delegates' forlorn and unbreakable dignity; of the nocturnal melodrama; and of Michael Collins walking away with the knowledge of inevitable death in his heart and written on his face. Or there is the torrential speed and sleight-of-hand of Mountbatten in the last stages of the British Raj in India, sweeping great issues with the small into the dustbins of New Delhi, and pressing on regardless. There is the extraordinarily undignified up-skirts-and-run technique adopted eight or nine months later in Palestine. And there is the nauseating false *bonhomie*, all fireworks and toothy smiles and hot, damp handshakes, of the Anglo-Egyptian Agreement on Suez in 1954.

To anyone who is aware, either as an historian or as a contemporary commentator, of this embarrassing (some might call it shameful) plethora of examples of the manner and method of retreat from a situation that folly and intransigence have rendered intolerable, the steady deterioration in the handling of the Cyprus issue appeared to indicate that here was one more variant, showing no marked or fundamental difference from all the other humiliating abdications of authority and responsibility which had preceded it. When someone in the Colonial Office looked up the appropriate file and discovered that in the distant '20's the place to which stubborn nationalist leaders, of Mediterranean stock, were banished was the Seychelles Islands, and the order for Archbishop Makarios's deportation was made in accordance with this ancient precedent, I could have laughed my head off if I had not been much nearer weeping.

The temporary truce brought about in Cyprus by General Darling's efficiency and thoroughness, and Grivas's consequent exhaustion was welcome; but it was essential to recognise that it could only be temporary, and that the crisis was bound to renew itself in an even more objectionable form unless—unless what? The exhaustion, it had to be admitted, was not all on Grivas's side. The British Government, on this issue, seemed to be drained of ideas and of moral impetus; and this, we know from rueful experience, is a particularly perilous moment.

It is interesting and salutary to reflect that the hope lay in the British Government lying low and keeping as quiet as possible. That the Greek and Turkish leaders were brought to meet each other and to attempt to work out their own solution by American pressure seems to me not to matter at all. What does matter is the opportunity at last, without further useless bloodshed, mounting bitterness and further squalid humiliation for this country, to find a way out of Cyprus's misery. To abandon both *Enosis* and partition—the two poles of Greek and Turkish principles on this issue—took quite a deal of courage, though it is to be admitted that Archbishop Makarios, for all his sins and his cunning, had shown the way. To recognise that the interests and destinies of the two communities in Cyprus are so deeply intertwined that, in political independence as under colonial rule, they cannot be separated was prudent and practical.

An admission that the maintenance of a base and the establishment of foreign troops in a country which has attained independence are possible without being a dire threat to that independence, is a departure, of almost breathtaking originality, from the windy, platitudinous ideology of contemporary nationalism. The test of the joint Greco-Turkish proposals is bound to be in their application in practice; but at least they brought a ray or two of hope to what had come to seem a very barren landscape.

There is, however, little enough light when we look elsewhere around the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean and into the Asiatic hinterland. When on this page a few weeks ago I ventured some rather disparaging comments on the Anglo-Egyptian financial agreement which was then being discussed in Cairo, which, indeed seemed to be about to be ratified in the familiar, cloying atmosphere of patted backs, flattery and fawning, I got into a peck of trouble. The Editor of *The Spectator* wrote to me to point out that he wasn't the Editor-in-Chief, and that I had implied that he had gone to Egypt on an official Government invitation, whereas he had gone on his own initiative—and, indeed, without a visa. (He is courageous as well as fortunate and misguided: if I had tried that trick, I should now be languishing alongside Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Zarb.) He also asked me whether I really believed that Nasser is a Communist.

One of the few other Middle East experts who talks to me nowadays took me aside and sternly rebuked me: "Irresponsible, very irresponsible," he said sadly. "Why go out of your way to suggest that we ought not to trust the Egyptians? Why provoke and insult them when we want to open a new chapter after all that unhappy business?"

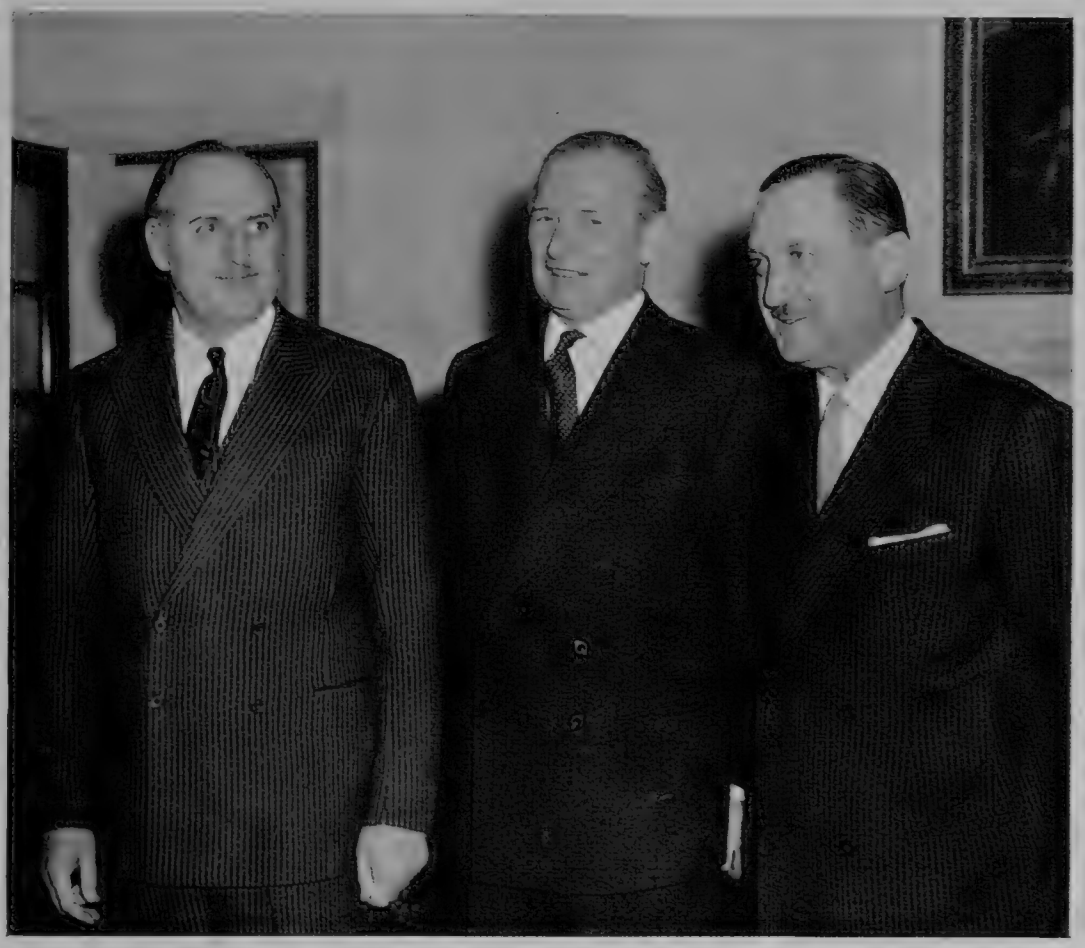
I do not believe that Nasser is a Communist: I do believe that he is a cunning, unscrupulous liar and trickster, and a vicious and determined enemy of this country. What matters about the arguments over the payment of compensation for expropriated land, whether agricultural or built-up, is not merely the fortune or misfortune of the Smouha family, but the simple fact that it is impossible to have the slightest confidence in a single word uttered by any contemporary Egyptian engaged in negotiation, whether on finance or anything else.

The morals of the huckster in the *suq*, or of the street-urchin who squirts dirt on your shoes and then offers to shine them for you, have been brought into diplomacy. "We must come to terms with Nasser," we have been told again and again. But coming to terms implies a certain degree of mutual trust; and how any responsible person can claim that the present Egyptian Government can be trusted for an instant—or indeed wants to be trusted—passes my comprehension.

A certain degree of reinsurance is evident in the behaviour of the Shah of Persia which (though it has provoked Mr. Khrushchev, who is no very objective judge of duplicity, to a major explosion of wrath) is comprehensible though regrettable. Persia has had to live in recent generations by playing Russia off against other interested Powers; and the habit doubtless dies hard.

My opinion of the present rulers of Iraq is a good deal lower. Here we are confronted by the classic post-revolutionary situation at its nastiest—murderous conspirators quarrelling among themselves. Superficially the argument in Bagdad, which led to the arraignment of the former Deputy Premier, Colonel Aref, before a rigged military court, was about whether Iraq should go more pro-Soviet than she already is or incline towards the Egyptian brand of pan-Arabism. This, however, is to give to the contestants a dignity and a sense of responsibility of whose existence there is, in fact, no sign at all. They are merely squabbling about power and loot.

Is it honourable or wise, I wonder, even for all the oil in Kirkuk, to try to seek a regicide peace? Morality in politics, particularly in Middle Eastern politics, is at a considerable discount these days; but we do ourselves no good—but increasing harm—by ignoring the fact that the present rulers of Iraq are ursurpers with the blood of those who were our trusted—and trusting—friends on their hands. When I read that at the Bagdad Pact meeting in Karachi the possibility was canvassed that Iraq might be wooed back, under her present régime, into active membership of an organisation in which the British continue to play a leading part, my gorge rises. It is very old-fashioned of me, but I have no great taste for the company of the murderers of my friends.



DISCUSSING THE CYPRUS AGREEMENT: Mr. Selwyn Lloyd stands in his official residence in Carlton Gardens with Mr. Zorlu (left), Turkish Foreign Minister, and Mr. Averoff, Greek Foreign Minister. The Turkish and Greek Ministers had flown to London from Zurich to discuss the Cyprus agreement with Mr. Lloyd.

SNOW ON THE SEAWAY

Lake St. Lawrence Covered by a Sheet of Ice

Over the vast construction programme of the St. Lawrence Seaway, the greatest such scheme ever undertaken in North America, lies a mantle of snow. In pictures of the wintry scene it is difficult to distinguish between the expanses of land and the frozen-over surface of Lake St. Lawrence. This artificial lake, created far up the St. Lawrence with an area of 60 square miles, was covered by a sheet of ice, connecting Canada and the United States. Not only is the Seaway planned as a navigable channel for deep-water ships up to the Great Lakes, but also as a hydro-electric scheme of vast size. Last autumn, ahead of schedule, the generating stations at the Power Dam at one end of the artificial lake started supplying electric power.

In order to do this, as the St. Lawrence falls only a matter of 90 ft. from Lake Ontario to Cornwall, three dams had to be built, and many miles of dykes and channel excavated. The Power Dam is 3,300 ft. long and its construction and output is shared equally by the agencies of Canada and the U.S.A. Bisecting the dam is the International Boundary between the two countries. Cofferdams above and below the site had to be built before construction could start, and getting on for 2,000,000 cub. yards of concrete and 110,000 tons of steel were used. The generators are rated at 1,880,000 kilowatts. This rating, it is claimed, is only surpassed by the Grand Coulee and Niagara Dams.

The St. Lawrence is remarkable among the great rivers of the world in having a little more than two-to-one variation in waterflow over the years. Of the enormous potential power from the river, New York State alone is contracted to receive 735,000 kilowatts of always available power, and 125,000 kilowatts of interruptible power. At the beginning of January of this year the tenth generator in the project went into operation. All sixteen generators are due in service by this autumn.

WINTER ON THE ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY: Snow covers the excavation work in progress in areas bounded by rim dykes. In the centre background is the Power Dam between Barnhardt Island (left) and the Province of Ontario. In background is the vast frozen-over stretch of Lake St. Lawrence. The dykes were designed to enable the raising of the level of water in the power pool.

THE POWER DAM OF THE PROJECT: Behind the Robert H. Saunders and Robert Moses Power Dam stretches the frozen Lake St. Lawrence. The main switch of the generators at the dam was thrown in September of last year. Along the dam's 3,300-ft. length run gantry cranes (the largest lifting 300 tons), raising gates and handling equipment for servicing in the erection bays at each end.

LONG SAULT DAM: In the foreground is Lake St. Lawrence, covered with a sheet of ice, connecting Canada and the U.S.A. Due to the reduced flow of water from the vast watershed of the Great Lakes, all the gates in the dam are closed.

INDUSTRY ATTRACTED BY THE PROJECT: At Massena is the nearly-completed General Motors Chevrolet Foundry, using power from the scheme and aluminium from a nearby plant. The bulbous erection (right) is a water tower. *Left*—A high-level bridge joins Rooseveltown, in the United States, and Cornwall Island, in Canada.

RUSSIA'S NUCLEAR ICEBREAKER

The World's First Atom-Powered Surface Ship

The Soviet icebreaker *Lenin* can claim to be the first nuclear-powered surface ship to reach an advanced state of construction. The giant American aircraft-carrier *Enterprise*, which will be atomic-powered, was only laid down last year and she is not scheduled to be launched until June 1960. *Lenin* came off the stocks in Leningrad fourteen months ago and she is now undergoing her mooring trials in the Soviet port.

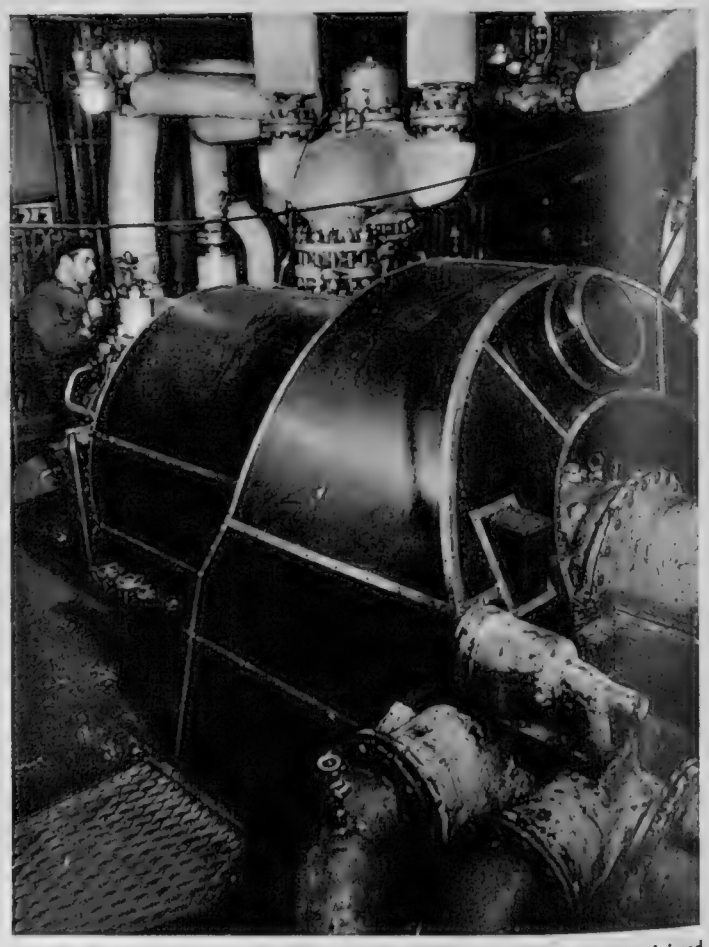
The broad-bowed vessel has a maximum width of 90½ ft. and a length of 400 ft. Her machinery consists of atomic reactors and four steam turbines which, it is estimated, will give a maximum speed of 18 knots. Like the Canadian patrol vessel and icebreaker *Labrador*, *Lenin* will carry helicopters. According to available records, the Soviet Union has by far the largest fleet of icebreakers in the world. The Russian Navy has always had to be prepared to move in frozen waters. But current concentration on developing new types of icebreaker and further increasing the size of the fleet stress Soviet appreciation of the use of the Arctic as a theatre of operations in any future war.

A UNIQUE VESSEL: The icebreaker *Lenin* is undergoing mooring trials in the harbour of Leningrad. She is the world's first atomic surface ship to near completion. *Lenin* has a displacement of 16,000 tons.

IN THE MACHINE COMPARTMENT: *Left*—The steam generators are provided with heat by atomic reactors. *Right*—Work proceeds on ensuring protection for the crew against radiation. *Lenin* was built at the Kirov Electrosila Works in Leningrad and launched in 1957. She will carry two helicopters.

THE CONTROL ROOM: From the panels on the desk the complicated machinery of the icebreaker is controlled. The Soviet Union is reported to have designed an even larger nuclear-powered icebreaker than the *Lenin*.

THE SPRAYING SYSTEM: The water acts as a coolant. The Electrosila Works is said to be experimenting with a new cooling system for high-powered generators. During mooring trials in Leningrad engineers and other technicians are checking and testing all the ship's instruments and machines.



THE STEAM TURBINES: This is one of the four main turbines. It is claimed that the employment of nuclear reactors to power them will enable the icebreaker to steam for twelve months without any refuelling.

BULGARIA—LIFE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

People and Places in an Earth Satellite of the Soviet Union

A COMMUNIST SYMBOL DOMINATES THE CENTRE OF THE CAPITAL OF SOFIA : The Red Star tops the Council of Ministers' building in Sofia. In the wide street on the left little traffic is to be seen. The Bulgarian city is to-day one of the safest in Europe, from the point of view of pedestrians. With its close historical associations with Russia, Bulgaria was a country which was inevitably destined to be drawn into the Soviet orbit after the war. Thus Bulgaria is one of the uniform earth satellites of Russia.

RUSSIAN domination of the bulk of the countries in south-east Europe has imposed a certain uniformity upon an area which was once varied and exciting. The traveller often has difficulties in crossing frontiers. If he does possess the correct papers and visas, he will no longer be able to sit in a café listening to suspicious-looking men talking out of the corners of their mouths and plotting the overthrow of authority, either at home or in some neighbouring State. Nor will he have occasion to wish for a special supplement to the guide-book to explain the significance of the initials or symbols of a plenitude of secret conspiratorial organisations such as I.M.R.O. or the Black Hand. From most accounts the Balkans nowadays are rather dull.

Bulgaria used to have many fascinating characteristics. Conspirators of many nations and agents for political assassins abounded in Sofia. But, astonishing for the Balkans, the ruler in the 1930's, King Boris, could walk unescorted through the streets in complete safety. The capital was clean, another unusual Balkan trait, and comparatively efficiently run. Perhaps most remarkable of all, the people did not regard corruption as the normal method of business and commerce. A great attraction for the tourist was the number of centenarians. Aged men and women would be prepared to prove their great age, and usually attributed it to the national diet of sour milk.

Since the diet has not changed, possibly centenarians are still a common spectacle. Sofia, too, remains neat and tidy. But much else has altered in Bulgaria, which

(*Continued on following pages*)

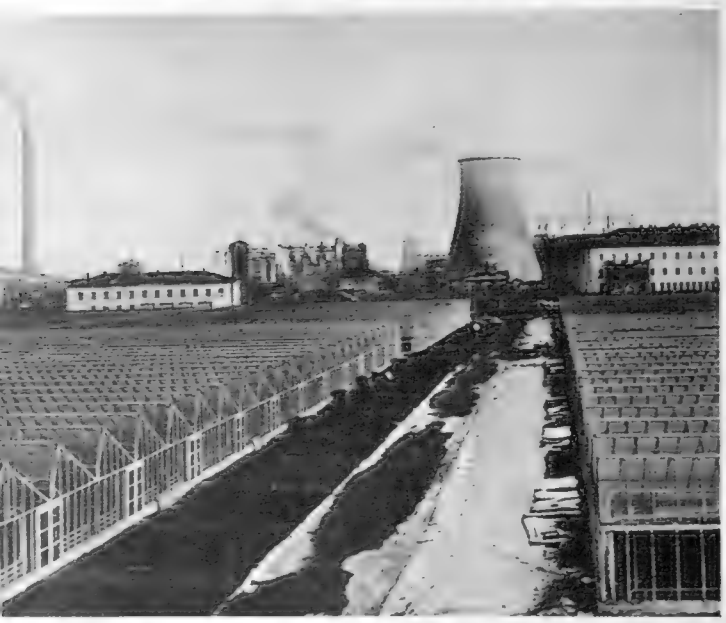
On left—

THE RISING GENERATION : Children come out of school at the end of the day in Sofia. Education in Bulgaria is free and compulsory for boys and girls between the ages of seven and fifteen. The educational system is organised on Soviet lines. There are about 7,000 general schools.

A BLOCK OF FLATS IN SOFIA: They are on the corner of Rakovski Street and Boulevard Dondoukov. During the war widespread damage to property was inflicted on the Bulgarian capital by bombing and bombardment. Rebuilding of the city and its suburbs is by no means yet completed.

CONTROLLING THE TRAFFIC: A policewoman in Sofia directs vehicles and pedestrians with her baton. The police force controlling traffic in Bulgaria contains a number of women, as is the case in Russia and other Communist countries.

AN OUTPOST OF COMMUNISM: The frontier post with the Red Star is the customs house on the road from Bulgaria to Turkey.



CULTIVATION FOR EXPORT: A large quantity of tomatoes is grown each year in the greenhouses at Dimitrovgrad. Heating is supplied from a nearby electric power station.

DEVELOPING HYDRO-ELECTRIC ENERGY: The Stalin dam is in the Iska Gorge. Like all Communist Governments, the Bulgarian authorities lay great store in material progress. Hydro-electric power is being developed in several areas.

A CO-OPERATIVE FARM: In spite of ic co-operative farm. Bulgaria ha of the agriculture has bee

BULGARIA—LIFE BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN

(*Continued from previous page*)

since its inception as an independent State eighty years ago, has had a frequently unlucky history. The first Sovereign was Prince Alexander of Battenberg, an ancestor of Prince Philip and the present British Royal children. Although closely related to the Romanovs, he was not pro-Russian enough for the backers of Bulgarian independence, and was forced to abdicate. In his place came "Foxy" Ferdinand, from another German house, Saxe-Coburg.

He had the wild ambition of hoping to oust the Sultan from Constantinople and himself take his place as head of a resuscitated Byzantine Empire. With this end in view he plunged his people into a series of disastrous military adventures, culminating in support for Germany in the First World War. He lost his throne and was succeeded by his son. Boris was popular. His predilection for driving railway engines was renowned throughout the world. Unfortunately, he lacked judgment. He opted for Hitler in World War II—whether this was a personal choice or a decision forced upon him is still a matter of controversy. The result was the end of the monarchy.

Probably this was inevitable, even if Boris had backed the Allies. For the Bulgarians have always had close feelings for the Russians, their original sponsors as an independent people. In 1945 there was virtually nothing the West could do to prevent Stalin's expansionism. So in due course Bulgaria followed the familiar pattern of Soviet earth satellites. First a Coalition of Left-Wing parties was formed under the name of the Fatherland Front (all political movements aiming at success in Bulgaria should include the word "Fatherland" in their title). Then in a few years the moderates were ousted and the Fatherland Front became synonymous with Communism.

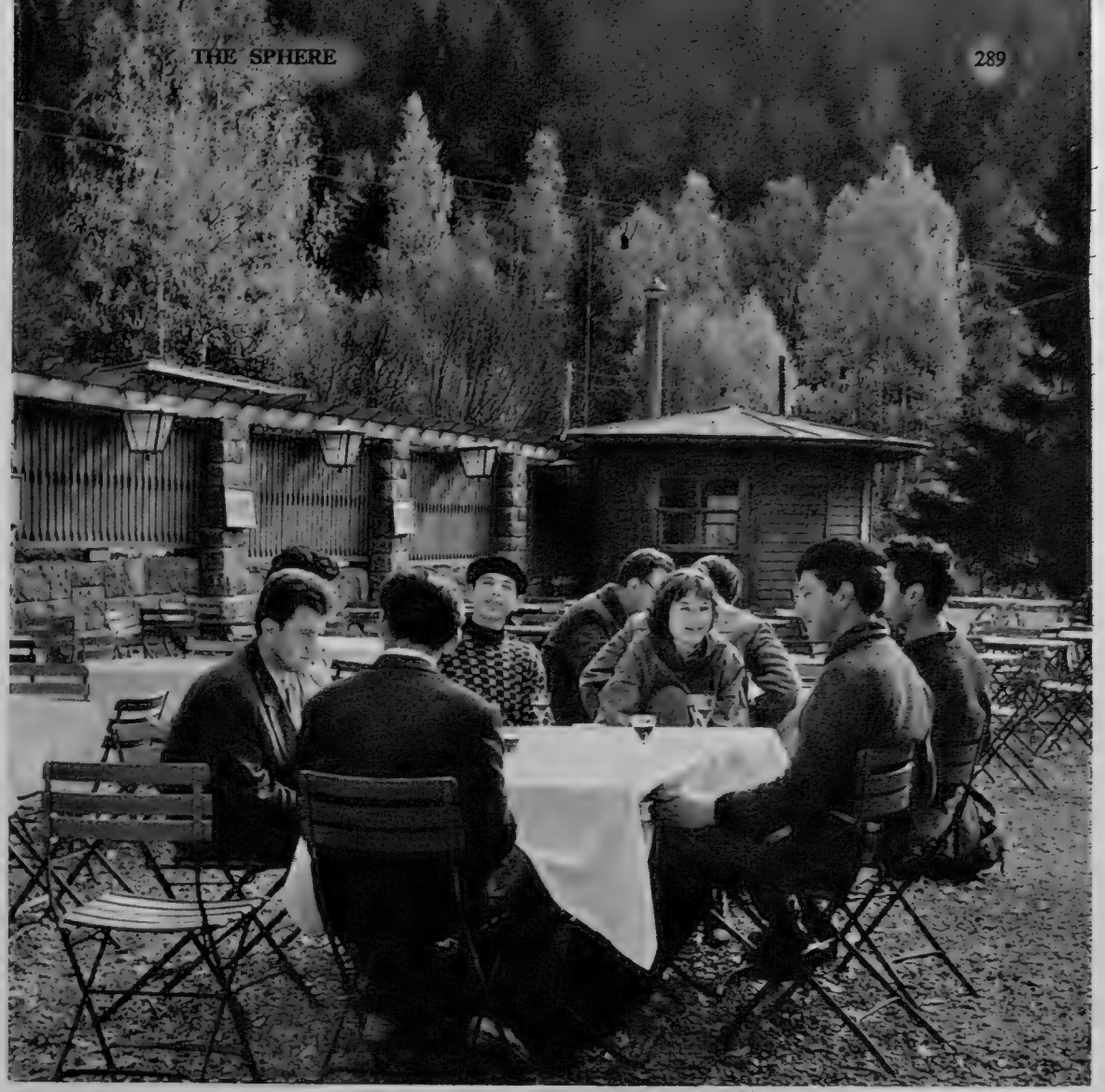
The great leader of Bulgarian Communism was Georgi Dimitrov. He first achieved world renown by his conduct at the notorious Reichstag trial at Leipzig in 1933. Accused by the Nazis of complicity in the burning of the Berlin Parliament, Dimitrov refused to be browbeaten by Goering. His courage undoubtedly caused the judges to administer justice, not Nazi instructions, and he was, very properly, acquitted. For some years he was Secretary of the Communist International in Moscow before returning to his native country in 1946 and becoming its first Communist Prime Minister. His mausoleum is now one of the prominent buildings in Sofia.

It is one of the sights to be visited by the tourist, for the Bulgarian capital has little to offer in the way of architectural attractions. The reason for this is that the city was frequently ravaged in the distant days of Turkish rule and there was further widespread bombing and bombardment during the last war. A few notable churches and mosques have survived, but for the most part Sofia is modern in aspect. There are large Government buildings in the Moscow style and in the outer districts functional workers' flats. The outward impression is one of the uniformity doubtless desired by the Communist masters.

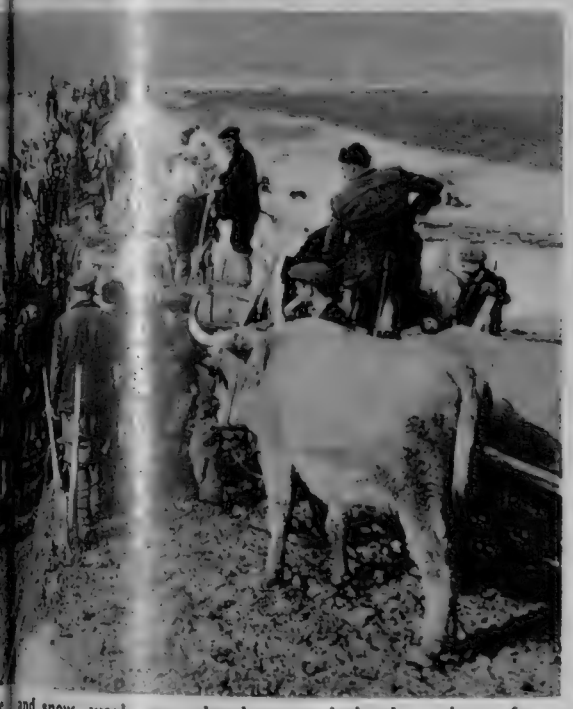
The life of the people is also planned to a pattern. As in most satellite countries, religion is controlled by statute. The national faith is the Eastern Orthodox Church, to which it is estimated that six out of seven inhabitants nominally adhere. The Law of the Churches

TO STIMULATE TOURIST TRADE: Stones are dumped for the building of a road in the hills near Sofia. Several new highways are planned in Bulgaria to attract tourists.

THE TOMB OF THE NATIONAL HERO: The Dimitrov mausoleum in Sofia. Dimitrov, a defendant in the notorious Nazi Reichstag trial, was Bulgaria's first Communist Premier.



RELAXATION IN GRAND SCENIC SURROUNDINGS: Groups of people enjoy glasses of wine at a restaurant on Mount Vitosha, near Sofia. The Balkan Mountains divide the country into two parts. The scenery on the wooded slopes is often splendid. In some of the valleys there are flower gardens which have an international reputation for their design.



and snow, work goes ahead on an irrigation scheme for a an essentially agrarian economy. Since the war about 90 per cent. collectivised. A much smaller percentage has been mechanised.

of 1949 declared the National Church to be "in form, substance and spirit a People's Democratic Church."

Although freedom of conscience is "guaranteed," full information about any religious organisation must be filed with the Government, and church schools, except theological colleges, are forbidden. A number of Protestants in 1949 and Roman Catholics in 1952 were tried for alleged treason and espionage. Presumably, they had opposed the Communist domination of religion.

The conventional Marxist line is followed in concentrating attention on material progress. Hydro-electric power is being developed and new roads built. Industry is being expanded but the mass of the people still live on the land. State and collective farms have been established and mechanisation introduced, although the traditional bullock still plays an important part in agrarian life.

Lately there have been few signs of stirrings against the Communist rulers, apart from some occasional student demonstrations. But it would be extremely difficult to gauge what the average peasant really thinks about the present regime. In some material respects he is almost certainly better off than he was twenty or twenty-five years ago. Whether this compensates for the insistence on a dull conformity in living is another matter.

IN THE CHURCH OF SVETA NEDELYA IN SOFIA: The national faith is that of the Eastern Orthodox Church. Under a Communist law of 1949, the National Church is described as "traditional" and "in form, substance and spirit a People's Democratic Church." The State exercises wide control over all religious organisations. Only "honest citizens" can become ministers.

THE FAR FROM SWINISH PIG

A Sadly Maligned Animal; Not Only is it Clean in its Habits, it is Also Well Loved by Pig Farmers

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

A CHARACTER in one of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's novels passes a good deal of his time leaning over the wall of a sty, admiring a magnificent pig, periodically scratching the animal's back with his walking-stick. I cannot remember the title of this work. As a matter of fact, I can never remember the titles of any of Mr. Wodehouse's works (and I must have read most of them) and this is because the titles are unimportant: it is the content that is important.

Unfortunately, I can never remember the content either. Nor, for that matter, can I remember with certainty the names of any Wodehouse characters, other than Jeeves and Wooster, of course. Did you, by the way, know that Wooster (pronounced as if it were a sauce) is modern juvenile-delinquent slang for monocle? But, again, this does not really matter, for it is the situations in which Wodehouse involves his characters rather than the characters themselves which are important and which chiefly make me laugh. If only I could remember the situations.

But it is time that I got back to the point (a very difficult thing to do when you are thinking about Wodehouse), which is: that I cannot remember the title of the work in which Mr. Wodehouse makes a pig one of the central characters. I must admit that I am not confident about the name of the owner of this pig. I think it was Lord Emsworth. Anyway, I feel sure that the owner had a title which he bore with a certain absent-minded dignity. However, it does not matter. The point is that there was a pig, which was beloved—and scratched—by an elderly member of the aristocracy. This may sound a bit far-fetched to you. You may be inclined to dismiss it casually as typical Wodehouse—but you would be wrong. Mr. Wodehouse is (in this instance, at any rate, but I think usually in others also) an acute observer. He chooses a pig.

A less shrewd and accurate observer might have been tempted to choose a horse, since horses have long been popularly connected in the public mind with the aristocracy and since it is well known that there are men with "an eye for a horse." But "an eye for a horse" does not, as a rule, indicate love for a horse. The man with an eye for a horse is almost invariably looking at something else—the main chance. Before mechanisation it would not have been at all difficult to find genuine horse-lovers (as opposed to horse-experts) among dairymen, draymen, carters, coachmen, and so forth: even, perhaps, among the aristocracy, though I am a little doubtful about that. The man who leaves the dirty work to someone else may be an expert, but he rarely has any real depth of affection for his subject. To-day, very few men are, in fact, genuine horse-lovers, although there are plenty of horse-experts. And horse-idolatry is confined to women.

Mr. Wodehouse, being an acute observer, could not possibly have chosen a cow, for the simple reason that, in Britain, men do not become fond of cows. I know a good many dairy farmers and a fair number of graziers; men who are experts at their jobs, profoundly interested in and knowledgeable about cattle, immensely proud of performance and pedigree, and so forth. But I cannot honestly say that I know one who is fond of cows as cows. I do not know one who would spend hours leaning over a fence looking at one cow, and periodically scratching her back. It is different abroad, in Switzerland, say, or in the Channel Islands—where the cows are individually tethered and where, when the wind blows chill, they have little coats put on them. If you look after a cow, just one cow, like that, you are practically bound to become fond of it, and I have heard Channel Islanders talking to their cows seriously and affectionately, as it might be to a human being of but slightly lower I.Q.

In Britain, cows are not regarded as individuals. At one time it was possible for a farmer to become attached to a bull, but A.I. has put an end to that almost everywhere and made the whole business even more impersonal. Inevitably the cow has come to be regarded as a unit in a milk-producing factory: inevitably dairy farmers tend to see their cows in terms of milk-bottles. You really cannot scratch a milk-bottle with affection.

Now, it might well be thought that this is equally true of pigs: that the pig farmer sees not the pig but the rasher. It ought to be true: it ought to be even more true of the pig than it is of the cow, since it takes only some twenty-eight weeks to produce a bacon pig fit for the factory: and that is a very short life. It would be idle to pretend that the pig farmer does not see the rasher or the chop: he is, as a glance at the farming papers will convince you, every whit as money-conscious as any other sort of farmer. Yet, oddly enough, pig farmers are genuinely fond of pigs: those that are not, do not remain pig farmers for very long. The successful pig farmer (I am sure from my own observation) always has time to stare at his pigs and scratch their backs.

This is due to the personality of the pig. It is a triumph for this sadly misjudged animal. Think of the vast corpus of misrepresentation that surrounds the pig,

THE LANDRACE: A champion pig of the Danish breed is seen at last year's Smithfield Show, in London. The Landrace is much prized for its long, straight back and quality of bacon. It was evolved from the Large White.

THE LARGE WHITE: This pig was a champion at the annual Tunbridge Wells Show in 1956. Specimens of the breed, which was evolved in Yorkshire, sometimes reach a live weight of 10 cwt. They have a quiet disposition.

and which stretches all the way back to the prejudices of the Old Testament. A dirty, greedy, stupid beast: that was the view of the Hebrew tribal leaders. That, broadly, is the view of modern urban man, brought up as a child on the Old Testament. The strange thing is that within a very short time (a day or two at the outside) of being personally introduced to a pig the most convincedly Old Testament-minded townsman will be converted. I have just witnessed yet another of these conversions. It does not take anybody, looking at a pig, very long to realise that it is a much maligned animal.

Simple observation shows that, in the right conditions, it is far from a dirty animal, and it soon becomes apparent that it is thrifty rather than greedy. As for being stupid: one glance into the eye of a pig and that lie is killed for ever. It is a quite shattering experience to look into the eye of a young pig, to encounter that bright, inquisitive, spiv-like gaze; to realise suddenly that here is an animal with, so to speak, "an eye for a man."

But there is more behind the conversion than this. The simple truth is, I think, that there is an affinity between pig and man: there has been a much closer bond between pig and man than there has been between any of the other farm animals and man, and for much longer. We often hear talk of "three acres and a cow," as if that were the peasant paradise. Such wealth was never within reach of the vast majority of English peasants, but most of them could keep a pig in the back-yard or in a lean-to or even, as is popularly supposed to be the fashion in Ireland, in the living-room. Most of them did. Consider the names of our leading breeds: the Large White, Middle White, Large Black, Wessex Saddleback, Tamworth, Berkshire, Essex, Welsh, Cumberland, Lincoln Curly Coat, Gloucester Old Spot, Long White Lop. Most of them are local names and all of them were once. The Large White, for example, is still known as the Yorkshire in America. They were evolved not by the big and wealthy breeders (as has been the case with our cattle) but by cottagers. You would think that all that sort of thing had gone by the board nowadays in this age of specialisation, but tradition dies hard in Britain.

Between the wars yet another pig breed was evolved by cottagers on the Dorset–Hampshire border and they called it the Dorset Gold Tip. It is not popular (I should doubt if there are a score of breeders) and I do not suppose that it ever will be. But it has twice found its way into the prize-winners' list at the London Dairy Show, which indicates that the cottagers who started it knew what they were about. There are a number of other breeds (maybe another dozen) which are quite distinct, but have no official recognition; the pride of the small men who have fashioned them in years of careful breeding, and who, in doing so, have followed the custom of their forbears through many generations.

Time was when the pig was the most valued possession of the peasant, the farm worker. A man earning eight shillings a week (and that was not so very long ago really), except when on piece work at haysel or harvest, and with a wife and maybe half a dozen children, could not afford to buy meat, and probably seldom tasted it. But he had a pig, and the pork and bacon to fall back upon; this and bread and cheese (the emphasis on bread) formed his staple diet. He took very good care to see that he was never without a pig. These men learned the art of breeding in the best of all schools, necessity. Pork or bacon, bread and cheese, may seem a harsh diet.

But there is nothing more sustaining than a good, thick, *fat* bacon sandwich. At any rate, on that and home-brewed beer (which was malt and hops and nothing else; which is how *all* beer should be made), these men did a day's work, starting as soon as it was light and finishing at dusk, without the aid of any machinery at all; a cheerful day's work, which no modern farm worker would have either the strength or the spirit to do. Let me recommend again the bacon sandwich, fat and thick.

It is hard to come by these days, I admit. Modern emphasis is all on lean meat, lean meat and small joints; and the industry has changed to meet the demand. The industry has changed in many other ways as well. A visit to a modern pig farm, institutionally clean, would be sufficient to convince most people that we have progressed just about as far as possible from the old cottage industry: and I suppose that we have. It might also occur to some that we have, perhaps, lost a little confidence in ourselves in the process.

There is a marked Danish influence about the modern pig farm. The Danish Landrace has found a place among the British breeds, because it is said to be the best bacon pig in the world. I distrust "best" in such a connection: it is a propaganda word, a salesman's word. I wonder if the Landrace is really any better a bacon pig than the Yorkshire Large White (from which it was evolved) or the Welsh (which it so closely resembles)?

But, although we have progressed enormously, although we have adopted certain Scandinavian methods (certainly to our ultimate advantage), the cottager remains and the cottager attitude survives even in the most up-to-date pig farmer. It could not be otherwise after so many hundreds of years of close association. There is an affinity between countryman and pig which is not to be lightly broken.

We are all countrymen but a generation or so removed. I have just witnessed the conversion of a young Londoner, who arrived with a guitar and a conviction that pigs are filthy. In two days he was leaning over my friend's sty, scratching the back of a Large White sow and talking seriously to her, as one would to an equal. I asked the pig-man how on earth he accounted for this, and he said, after a moment's thought: "Well, pigs be like women: you likes 'em or you don't. And most men does." A remark that would have pleased Lord Emsworth, if that was his name.

LEADERS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Mr. Macmillan at Lincoln's Statue ; Lord Attlee at Bristol ; Sir Winston Churchill in Bronze

COMMEMORATION OF LINCOLN'S BIRTH: Mr. Macmillan speaks at the foot of the statue of Abraham Lincoln in Parliament Square, Westminster, during the ceremony held to mark the 150th anniversary of the great American's birth. Mr. Gaitskell is at extreme right.

Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin in Kentucky on February 12, 1809. Last week a special ceremony was held in London in Parliament Square at his statue, which is a replica of the figure by St. Gaudens in Lincoln Park, Chicago. Mr. Macmillan laid a wreath at the foot of the plinth, as did Mr. Gaitskell and Mr. Grimond. Among the distinguished company present was Mr. John Hay Whitney, U.S. Ambassador. He provided a historical link, for his grandfather was John Hay, Private Secretary to Lincoln. In his speech the Prime Minister emphasised the great President's belief in Anglo-American unity, quoting his words: "The people of the United States are kindred of the people of Great Britain." Mr. Macmillan continued: "Certainly his words have always found a ready echo in our hearts. Lincoln once wrote that 'wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged.' I would add that wanting to work together is even rarer and yet more estimable. Inspired by his memory the peoples of Great Britain and the United States must work together for progress and freedom."

BRISTOL HONOURS LORD ATTLEE: He receives a silver casket containing the certificate of Freedom of the City and County from the Lord Mayor of Bristol, Alderman F. G. W. Chamberlain, at Bristol Council House. Speaking before making the presentation, the Lord Mayor read a message from Sir Winston Churchill, who is also a Freeman of Bristol, expressing his congratulations to Lord Attlee on receiving the freedom. In his reply Lord Attlee spoke of his pride at joining "a great roll of freemen" and paid tribute to the number of eminent Bristolians with whom he had worked, among them Ernest Bevin and Stafford Cripps. He told his listeners that he "honoured Bristol after breakfast every morning with a little burnt-offering in a pipe—for years my tobacco has always come from here." On the following day Lord Attlee, who is seventy-six, flew to America for a lecture tour.

A NEW CHURCHILL STATUE: The picture shows the head and shoulders of the bronze statue of Sir Winston in the Great Hall of Guildhall, in the City of London. The finished sculpture, by Mr. Oscar Nemon, was placed in position last week. Three-and-a-half years ago Sir Winston himself attended a ceremony in Guildhall when the Lord Mayor unveiled a plaster cast of the statue. The "model" expressed his approval of "a very good likeness" and his admiration for the sculptor.

On left—

"THE GREATEST STATESMAN OF HIS AGE": The statue in Guildhall depicts Sir Winston seated and is slightly larger than life. The inscription reads: "This statue was commissioned by the Corporation of London in 1955 as a tribute to the greatest statesman of his age and the nation's leader in the Great War of 1939-1945."

HOUSING DEVELOPMENT IN CAMBERWELL: The block of flats forms part of the Picton Street Estate, in South London, which has been developed since the war by the London County Council. This site was acquired mainly under Part III of the Housing Act, 1936, as a "clearance area." Since the war the L.C.C., in co-operation with the borough councils, have pressed ahead with their plans for redevelopment in South London, and the pictures on these pages show examples of what has been achieved so far, as well as plans for the future.

DEVELOPMENT BY WOOLWICH BOROUGH COUNCIL: Four fourteen-storey Point Blocks as well as flats, maisonettes and other buildings are to be erected on the Council's Frances Street–Samuel Street site. Work is expected to start shortly. The architects and engineers appointed by the Council are Messrs. Norman and Dawbarn.

TERRACE HOUSES ON THE PICTON STREET ESTATE: The original plan for the estate allowed for twenty-five houses of this type. In addition to houses and flats the estate in Camberwell includes shops and other buildings.

THE SOUTH BANK OF THE FUTURE: The new model shows the area on each side of County Hall. In centre foreground is the Royal Festival Hall, and in background, Waterloo Station. Between these two buildings is the new office block for the Shell Petroleum Company with its central skyscraper. On right are the proposed buildings for St. Thomas's Hospital.

A number of redevelopment schemes in South London have been completed for some time; others are well under way, and some are still in the planning stage. The county of London south of the Thames extends to an area of 67½ square miles and accommodates approximately 1,500,000 people. Since the end of the war the London County Council and the Borough Councils within the Administrative County (Wandsworth, Battersea, Lambeth, Southwark, Camberwell, Bermondsey, Deptford, Lewisham, Greenwich and Woolwich) have forged ahead with their rebuilding programmes, and so far new housing has been provided for about 52,000 families. In addition, the redevelopment programme has included the erection of more than sixty new schools; the acquisition of about 220 acres for open spaces; and major road improvements, particularly at Roehampton Lane, Lambeth Bridge and the Elephant and Castle. There has also been much private development.

Now for the first time it has been possible to stage an exhibition of the many different schemes to show how they relate to the planned redevelopment of South London, and to illustrate by means of photographs, diagrams and models the significance of planning for the future of the entire area. The exhibition, entitled "Planning South," is at County Hall, and is due to close to-day (Saturday) after a run of three weeks. It has attracted many visitors, especially during the lunch hour.

As well as a number of comparatively small schemes the L.C.C. have five areas of comprehensive redevelopment in South London. The one nearest to County Hall includes the South Bank of the Thames, where redevelopment is in various stages for over a mile of river-front from Waterloo to Vauxhall Bridge. Further south, the second area is at the Elephant and Castle, where a major road improvement scheme is also in hand. Roundabouts are being built to control the streams of traffic at this busy junction; Newington Butts, a main thoroughfare, is to be widened to take eight lines of traffic; pedestrian subways are being constructed under the roads, and on the site itself plans are in hand for two important building projects. One of these is the Draper Street housing site and the other is the London School of Printing and Graphic Arts, which will have a tower 170 ft. high. The other major L.C.C. schemes are known as the Bermondsey Comprehensive Redevelopment Area; the Woolwich town centre, and St. Mary's Development area in Woolwich.

THE NEW SOUTH LONDON: *Left*—The model is of the Silverdale site at Lewisham, which is to be developed "as an intimate social group without submerging the identity of the individual houses." Many of the trees are being retained in the layout of the site which forms part of a larger L.C.C. housing scheme. The site is to be developed mainly with two-storey houses and gardens. Work is expected to start next year. *Right*—The row of shops, with flats above, is situated on the Ackroyden Estate at Wandsworth.

SOUTH LONDON IN PLAN AND IN REALITY

Redevelopment Schemes South of the Thames

THE HOSTEL FOR THE BATTERSEA COLLEGE OF ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY: The site overlooks Battersea Park and a proposed L.C.C. Housing Estate. It will have eleven storeys and provide accommodation for 198 students. The scheme, which will cost about £213,800, was approved in 1957, and is expected to be complete at the end of 1960. The model shows the main block with its box-like construction towering above the smaller two-storey block which will accommodate a common-room for the students, the dining-room and kitchens. There will also be a single-storey building for the resident warden and caretaker.

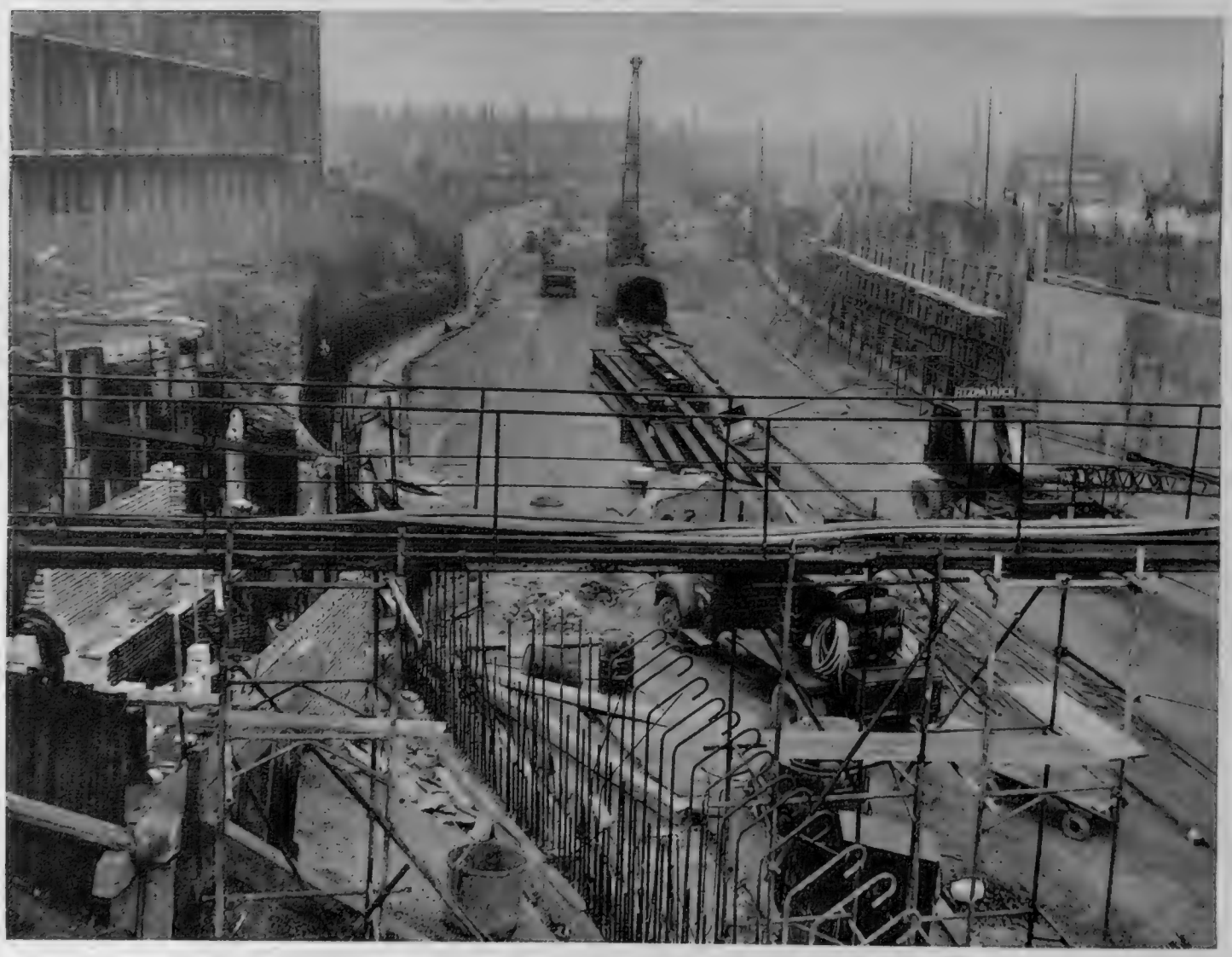
NEW FLATS IN A DENSELY BUILT-UP AREA: The eleven-storey blocks of maisonettes and flats have been built on the Loughborough Road Housing Estate, which covers 38 acres in Lambeth. Each block is 260 ft. long and 30 ft. wide. The scheme for the estate, which provides for more than 1,000 dwellings, includes nine eleven-storey blocks; one six-storey block and rows of terrace houses.

SCHOOL DEVELOPMENT: The Elliott School at Wandsworth was built two years ago to take about 2,000 boys and girls. *On the left* the picture shows pupils walking in the grounds of the school, which has a four-storey teaching block. The gymnasia and workshops have been grouped together in the one-storey block to the east of the main building. *On the right* is a view of the assembly hall with its spacious platform. The estimated cost of the building was £617,000 with an additional £57,000 for furniture and equipment.

NEW APPROACHES TO THE BLACKWALL TUNNEL: Across the expanse of ground littered with construction materials runs the route of one of the new double-carriageways of the new North approach to the tunnel under the Thames. *Below*—Many buildings have been demolished to make way for the new northern approach roads. These two pictures show the entrance to the complicated half-clover-leaf approach system. This first stage is due to be completed in August of 1961 and will relieve congestion on the East India Dock Road.

EASING CONGESTION IN EAST LONDON

New Northern Approaches to the Blackwall Tunnel



IN POPLAR, LOOKING SOUTH: running across the midd of it, the existing approa

In many parts of London and the British Isles, schemes have been undertaken to relieve the congested traffic on the roads. The problem has become more acute each year since the war. In London especially road travel has become so difficult that in many quarters it has been felt an overall plan should be drawn up, possibly incorporating wide thoroughfares. Much of the congestion is due to intersecting streams of traffic on busy main road junctions. One of the instances of this is at the junction of traffic using the Blackwall Tunnel and that using the East India Dock Road.

The L.C.C.'s scheme in the area was first proposed in 1938 with a duplicate tunnel to the Blackwall Tunnel, opened in 1897 and more suitable to horse-drawn traffic. Unfortunately the war intervened and the scheme was shelved. Work started on the first stage of the project in the early part of last year. This was the new

e foreground is the new road which will take north London traffic under the East India Dock Road, ckground. Behind the two cranes, right, is the site of the approach to the tunnel and, to the right ad. In the background, left, are the chimneys of Poplar Power Station and the East India Dock.

orth Approach. Although the moment no date has een set for the start of work n building a new tunnel or r constructing new ap-roaches at the southern end, e northern section will re-eve the congestion on the ast India Dock Road.

Traffic through the tunnel nounts to 13,000 vehicles a ay and 21,000 vehicles use e East India Dock Road. he new layout, incorporating half-clover-leaf approach, is esigned to allow an uninter-pted flow of traffic along oth these routes. The cutting om the tunnel entrance is eing extended under—and to e north of—the East India ock Road. This is being rried over the cutting on a ew bridge. Link roads will ve direct access to it. The yout will be on two levels nd provides for eight lines of affic on four carriageways. he estimated cost of this age is £1,600,000 and the tal cost may be £9,000,000.

UNDER THE EAST INDIA DOCK ROAD: Construction is in progress on the underpass taking north London traffic below the congested thoroughfare. *Right*—Rubble litters the excavations for the new carriageway from the East India Dock Road to the tunnel. On the right is the existing approach, which is crowded with traffic.

MUMBLES RAILWAY

The Threat to Close a Historic Line in South Wales Causes Parliamentary Controversy

NEARLY A CENTURY AGO: The picture of a horse-drawn carriage on the Swansea and Mumbles railway was taken between 1860 and 1865. The line was opened early in the nineteenth century and is one of the oldest passenger railways in the world.

MODERN TRACTION ON THE SOUTH WALES COAST: Double-decker electric trains of this type have been introduced in recent years on the Swansea-Mumbles line. The Parliamentary Bill providing for the closing of the railway has caused unexpectedly heated discussion in the House of Lords.

The South Wales Transport Bill—a private measure—which came up for its Second Reading in the House of Lords on February 5, provides for the closing of the Swansea to Mumbles railway. The line was built under a private Act of 1804 and in its long history it has employed successively horse, steam and electric traction over the five miles from Oystermouth (now a part of Swansea) and Mumbles. Last October the South Wales Transport Company took over the railway after the majority of shareholders had accepted its offer. The proposed closure would be in accordance with the opinion of the South Wales Company that passengers' needs would be more efficiently met by its own transport system. However, their Lordships showed they were not prepared to pass the measure "on the nod" and a controversial debate took place. Several peers recalled youthful memories of pleasurable travel beside Swansea Bay. Lord Ogmore deplored the "vicious attack on this old railway." Lord Merrivale spoke of the "evil-smelling transport" which would replace electric traction. Eventually it was agreed to postpone the Second Reading to a later date. The Bill was due to be debated again last Tuesday (February 17).

IN THE DAYS OF STEAM: A train including open-topped coaches is seen here being drawn by a small steam locomotive along the line beside Swansea Bay. The open-topped carriages were withdrawn from service on the railway in 1929.

A POPULAR ATTRACTION IN 1910: The coaches are packed at the Oystermouth (Swansea) terminus in a picture taken nearly half a century ago. In the House of Lords earlier this month peers recalled youthful experiences of travelling on this line and deplored the threat of its closure.

BENEATH STEEP CLIFFS: An electric train of to-day proceeds along the railway, which is five miles in length. Those in favour of the closure of the line maintain that buses would be a more efficient link between Swansea and Mumbles.

CROSS-CHANNEL ELECTRICITY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the main facts of life that every big power supply system has to contend with is that what it produces, electricity, cannot be stored—although this fact does not happen to be strictly true. Any schoolboy can pull his torch out of his pocket to disprove it: milk-floats and submarines run, and cars start, by taking electricity out of a storage battery: and there are even certain hydro-electric stations that can operate in reverse, pumping water uphill electrically to store it until the time when they need to run it down through the turbines to generate nearly as much power again.

Nevertheless, for all practical purposes of bulk electricity supply, batteries are too inefficient and too bulky to afford significant storage; and sites suitable for "pumped storage" stations are generally few and far between. There is practically nothing to save the supply system from its constant, expensive problem of keeping enough plant on hand to generate every last unit of electricity that its customers care to switch on during the coldest, darkest morning of the year—which is one reason why electrical engineers from Britain and France, aided by cable experts, hydrographers, a midget submarine, and even frogmen, were engaged some months ago testing the laying of cables that are to link the power systems of the two countries across the Straits of Dover. This link was first seriously considered during the latter years of the war, but was turned down because with techniques existing then it did not appear an economic proposition. In the early 1950's experts from both of the nationalised electricity supply systems, the British Electricity Authority and *Electricité de France*, made more detailed studies; and late in the year 1957 the two Governments agreed that the power link should be laid. It is hoped that it can be operating by the winter of 1960-61.

The principle behind this decision to connect up the power supply networks of Britain and France is essentially the same as lay behind the interconnection of Britain's power stations in the '20's. Peak demands upon different stations do not all come at the same time, so that given the chance they can help each other out. Any power station operator, again, has to provide more generating capacity than he expects to need during his winter peak, simply as a reserve against breakdowns and plant "outage" due to maintenance. The more stations one can link into a connected system, the smaller the proportion of reserve capacity that the whole group of stations need to provide, because their pooled capacity can usually take care of unexpected extra demands in a single area.

Interconnection of a power network is not without its own costs. The overhead transmission cables and their associated transformers and switchgear are expensive and often arouse objections on grounds of amenities. There are losses in the course of transmission which set limits to the distances over which it is practicable to link up grid systems of different kinds. There may even be political objections: among the various reasons why American electric power utility companies have sometimes been reluctant to link up with each other is the fear that this may mean more state control or even nationalisation. The Swedes and recently the Russians appear to have gone farthest in the long-distance transmission of electricity over particular lines; but Britain's grid (which was, incidentally, first laid out before nationalisation by a board that did not own the electricity undertakings between which it moved power) is probably still the most elaborate national network in the world.

International trade in electricity, again, is not a new idea. A country making most of its electricity out of coal can usually put the power stations at the most convenient place between where the coal is and where its electricity consumers are: it depends on the relative costs of transporting coal or transmitting electricity. But water power cannot be located to suit consumers' convenience. It is rather expensive, for example, to transmit electricity from the Vorarlberg region in Austria, where there is abundant water power, 600 kilometres to Vienna, where most of the power is wanted. Austria finds it cheaper to transmit some of its power into the Rhineland grid system of Western Germany, and elsewhere to buy coal-generated power from German plants that can supply it fairly cheaply. But overland transmission of power, across frontiers or not, has been established and developed over many years: moving power under the sea, on any large scale, is a more recent development.

It has been made possible by the development of high-voltage cables and the use of the direct current system. In 1953 a 62-mile D.C. submarine cable link came into service between Sweden and the island of Gotland. Its operating success was watched closely by the British and French engineers who had been considering an alternating current link across the Channel; at the end of 1955 they discarded their plan for an A.C. link that would have required three cables plus one in reserve in favour of a D.C. link through only two transmission cables.

The two cables one less susceptible than four might have been to possible damage from navigation and fishing; they will also be cheaper and easier to lay. But the advantages go beyond these. The main transmission grids in Britain and France carry high-voltage A.C. current; but an A.C. link between two such huge grid systems would have required very precise frequency control of both to carry out and regulate the required transfer of power in one direction or the other. The system now chosen will employ electronic equipment at each end of the 200,000-volt direct current cable to convert the power transferred to the A.C. frequency required on either national grid. Contracts to supply the actual cable have not yet been awarded, though it has been decided that the work will be shared between British and French firms. In the laying and recovery trials that were carried out last autumn on the S.S. *Dame Caroline Haslett*, a collier owned by the British electricity industry fitted with cable equipment for the purpose, two major British companies with experience in the field, British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. and Siemens-Edison-Swan, both took part.

Periods of peak demand upon the French electricity system differ somewhat, though they overlap, from those in Britain—at least during the winter, which matters most. France is in a time zone one hour ahead of us, except during our summertime; people there get up and go to work earlier, have a different (slightly longer?) lunchtime, and leave their jobs earlier. This "diversity" of demand between the two networks, at peak winter loads, amounts to some hundreds of megawatts; the cable will make it possible to transfer 150 megawatts of power from one system to the other at peak times. Since it is these peak winter demands that mainly settle the amount of generating plant each nation has to instal, the link offers a saving of an equivalent amount of capacity from each authority's power station building programmes. New power stations, to-day, cost some £45-50 a kilowatt to put in. So these cables, which with their ancillary equipment will cost little over £4,000,000, will save the investment of roughly £10,000,000 in generating plant on each side of the Channel.

It will link Britain, a country dependent for its electricity to-day almost entirely upon coal, though some nuclear power is coming in soon, with France, one that gets about half its power from coal and half from water power. For the short periods of peak load during the day, it is often more economical to release water from a hydro-electric storage reservoir than to generate power at a coal or nuclear station; so the interconnection should enable both electricity systems to use their capacity more flexibly, with lower costs. The link is planned to be capable of reinforcement later to allow much larger transfers of power. In the long run it may indeed prove economic to transfer cheap nuclear power from Britain to pump up water to the storage reservoirs of hydro-power stations in France at night, then release this stored water at day peak hours to send back the power Britain needs but cannot generate cheaply.

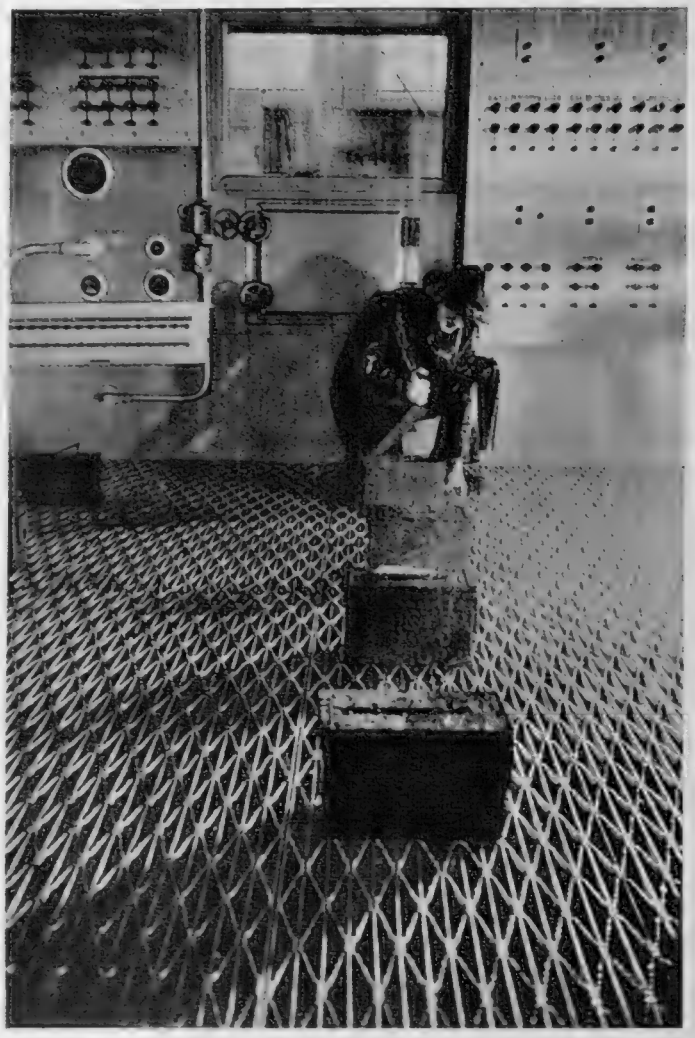
This link will be the most ambitious undersea power transmission cable ever installed; but already several other countries are planning to take advantage of the lessons it will give in designing and operating the cable and equipment. One of the British companies concerned, British Insulated Callender's Cables, has already laid a power link from the Canadian mainland to the island of Vancouver. Other schemes under active study include the linking of the two islands of New Zealand across the 25-mile Cook Strait, a power link between Denmark and Sweden, and the ambitious "Youglexport" scheme to transmit power from Yugoslavia to Italy, 100 miles across the Adriatic. This scheme, like the others, has been surveyed by British engineers. The experience they will gain on the cross-Channel connection, together with their established leadership in the field of other submarine cables, should offer valuable export possibilities to these British cable companies.

PREPARING FOR CABLE TRIALS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CHANNEL: *Left*—Technicians fit cable paying-out gear on board the *Dame Caroline Haslett*, moored in the Thames. *Right*—A crane placed on a lighter moored alongside lifts the equipment on board. The gear was of special design to ensure simultaneous laying of two submarine cables during sea trials for the cross-Channel electricity supply cable, in which two experienced British companies, British Insulated Callender's Cables Ltd. and Siemens-Edison-Swan Ltd. took part.

On right—

MAKING SUN AND RAIN

An environmental test chamber recently installed at the Frankford Arsenal, in Philadelphia, U.S.A., is designed to test the effects of rain and sunshine on electronic, missile and on aeroplane components; chemicals; leather goods; wood products; packaging materials; ammunition and other Army ordnance. In the first of the two pictures on *right* the laboratory technician is preparing to test ammunition boxes under rainfall conditions. During the test any rainfall condition from a drizzle to a deluge (falling at a rate ranging from ½ in. to 24 ins. an hour) can be simulated. An observation panel, fitted with a windscreen-wiper, is installed at the far end of the chamber. In the picture on the *extreme right* the "rain" has been turned off and another test is to take place in brilliant "sunshine." This is effected by means of a series of high-powered ultra-violet lamps which can be varied to simulate the hot and dry blinding sun of the desert, or sunny periods interspersed with thunder showers. On this particular occasion the technician was testing power cables on wooden holders. The test chamber was built by Tenney Engineering Inc., of Union, in New Jersey.



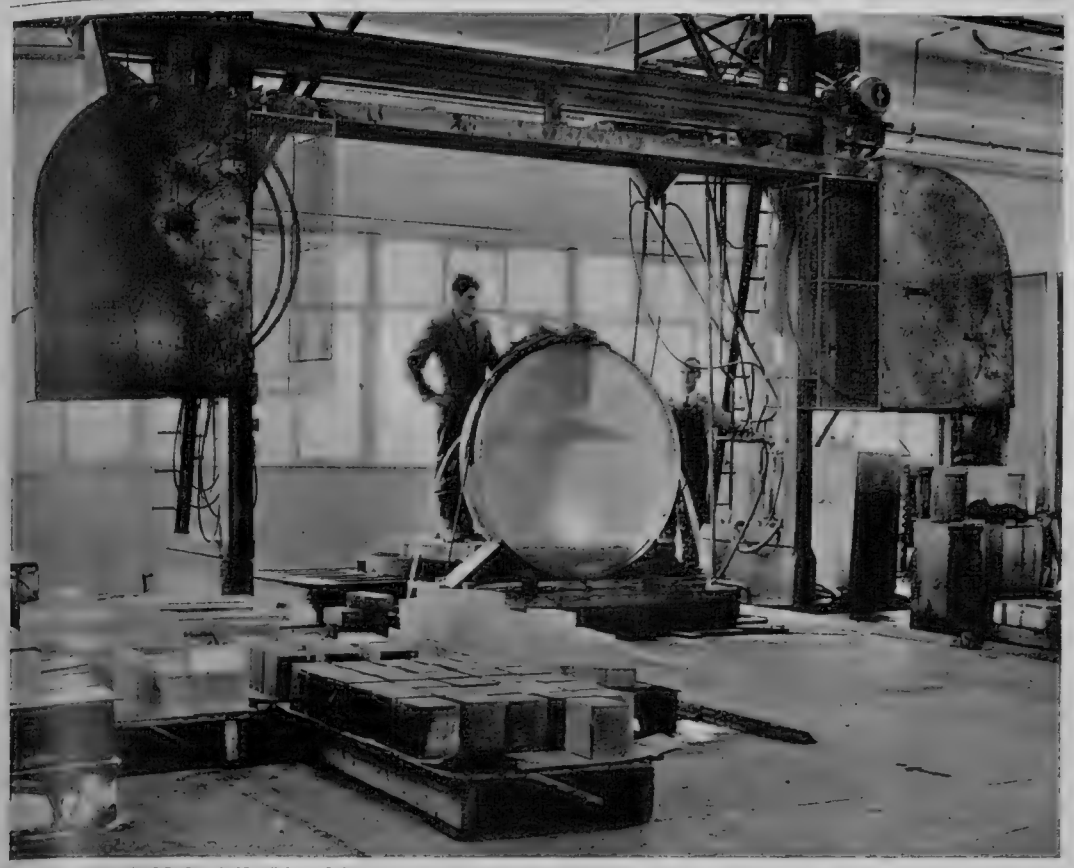
TO PRODUCE LIQUID OXYGEN AND NITROGEN

A tall crane is used to hoist parts of the main processing section into position on the site of the oxygen-nitrogen producing plant of the Linde Company (a Division of Union Carbide Corporation), in Pittsburg, California. Work on the major construction phase has been completed three weeks ahead of schedule. On the extreme left is the heat-exchanger used to cool air at high pressure before it is liquefied. Next to it is a 70-ft.-high separation column, where air is liquefied and separated into gaseous and liquid oxygen and nitrogen. The first section of the plant, which is hoped to be in operation before June, will have a production capacity of 115,000,000 cub. ft. of liquid oxygen and nitrogen a month. When completed in 1960, the plant will produce 300 tons of the two substances in liquid form a day.

A NEW FIRE EXTINGUISHER FOR THE HOME

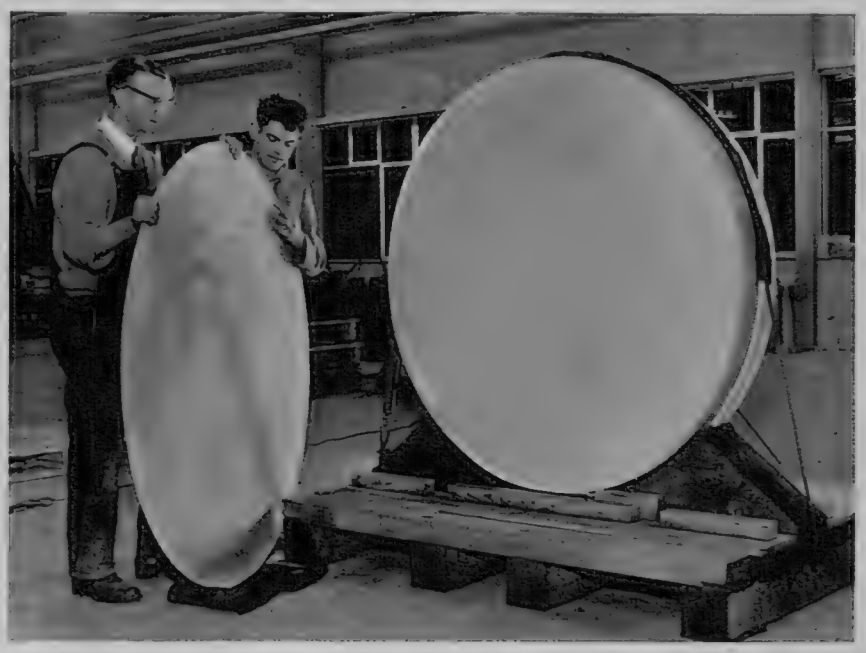
The pictures *above* and *below* show two different kinds of small fires in the home being tackled with the aid of the new Pyrene Home Fire Extinguisher. In the picture *above* the fire has been caused by an overturned oil stove, and *below* probably by either a lighted match or cigarette end thrown in a waste-paper basket. The new extinguisher is charged with a powerful dry chemical which deals with all classes of fire risks in the home in their early stages. Hitherto, it has only been possible to put out various classes of fires by using two or three different types of extinguishers. The general-purpose dry chemical used in the new extinguisher is non-toxic. It is released in about eight seconds by striking, on a hard surface, the plastic cap which contains a specially designed plunger. The extinguisher, which measures 11⅞ ins. in length with a diameter of 3 ins., is fitted with a simple hanging bracket and safety clip to prevent accidental use. It makes its appearance on the British market at a time when the latest official figures show that an average of sixty-five homes throughout the country catch fire every day necessitating a call to the local Fire Brigade.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*



A HUGE DISC OF GLASS

At the Chance-Pilkington Optical Works, in St. Asaph, Flintshire, a wire bandsaw cuts off a slice from a huge disc of glass, which is thought to be the largest piece ever sawn in Great Britain. The disc is 58 ins. in diameter and 12 ins. thick, and was manufactured at the Bicheroux Department of Pilkington Brothers Ltd., of St. Helens. *Right*—Two workmen hold one of the slices cut from the disc (right), partly packed for despatch. It was sent to the Grubb Parsons Division of Sir Howard Grubb Parsons Co. Ltd., in Newcastle, to be diamond-milled for size and curvature. The concave side has to have a specified accuracy of about one-half-millionth of an inch. In cutting the disc with a bandsaw, carborundum in water was sprayed on to the saw wire. A slice 1 in. thick was removed from each face. The process took four days, but was about three weeks quicker than the old method of grinding to the correct thickness. Great accuracy was needed in the sawing. In its unworked form, the value of the glass is about £1,500. It has been ordered for an undisclosed purpose by the Ministry of Supply.



A NEW WAY OF SURVEYING

In Battersea Park, London, the operator stands behind the Tellurometer Remote equipment, by which the time taken by transmitted radio microwaves is used for measuring distances in survey work. He is keeping in touch with another operator by telephone and in his other hand he is holding a hygrometer. This obtains wet and dry temperatures, which may affect the speed of the radio waves. The picture was taken during a training course for surveyors in the use of the equipment. The Tellurometer system, which basically consists of a transmitter and receiver, each operated by one man, is manufactured by Tellurometer (Pty.) Ltd., Capetown, South Africa. The representatives in Great Britain are Cooke, Troughton and Simms Ltd., of York. The use of radio microwaves on the 10-cm. wavelength enables a high degree of accuracy to be obtained. Observations can be made satisfactorily through haze, mist and smoke, and perhaps light rain, although heavy rain might interfere with accuracy. In general, however, the two instruments have to be in line of sight. The instrument measures slope distance.

A SECTION OF THE "HIGHWAY OF THE SUN"

This straight stretch of four-lane dual-carriageway is part of the autostrada linking Capua, Caserta and Naples in the south of Italy. Side roads (left) join the inside lane of the route in a wide sweep. The road was opened on February 9. It is one of the two sections of the "Highway of the Sun," the autostrada planned to run from Milan in the north to Naples, which are open to traffic. The other section is from Milan to Piacenza. The complete autostrada is due to be opened at the end of 1963.

THE VIOLENCE OF THE WEATHER

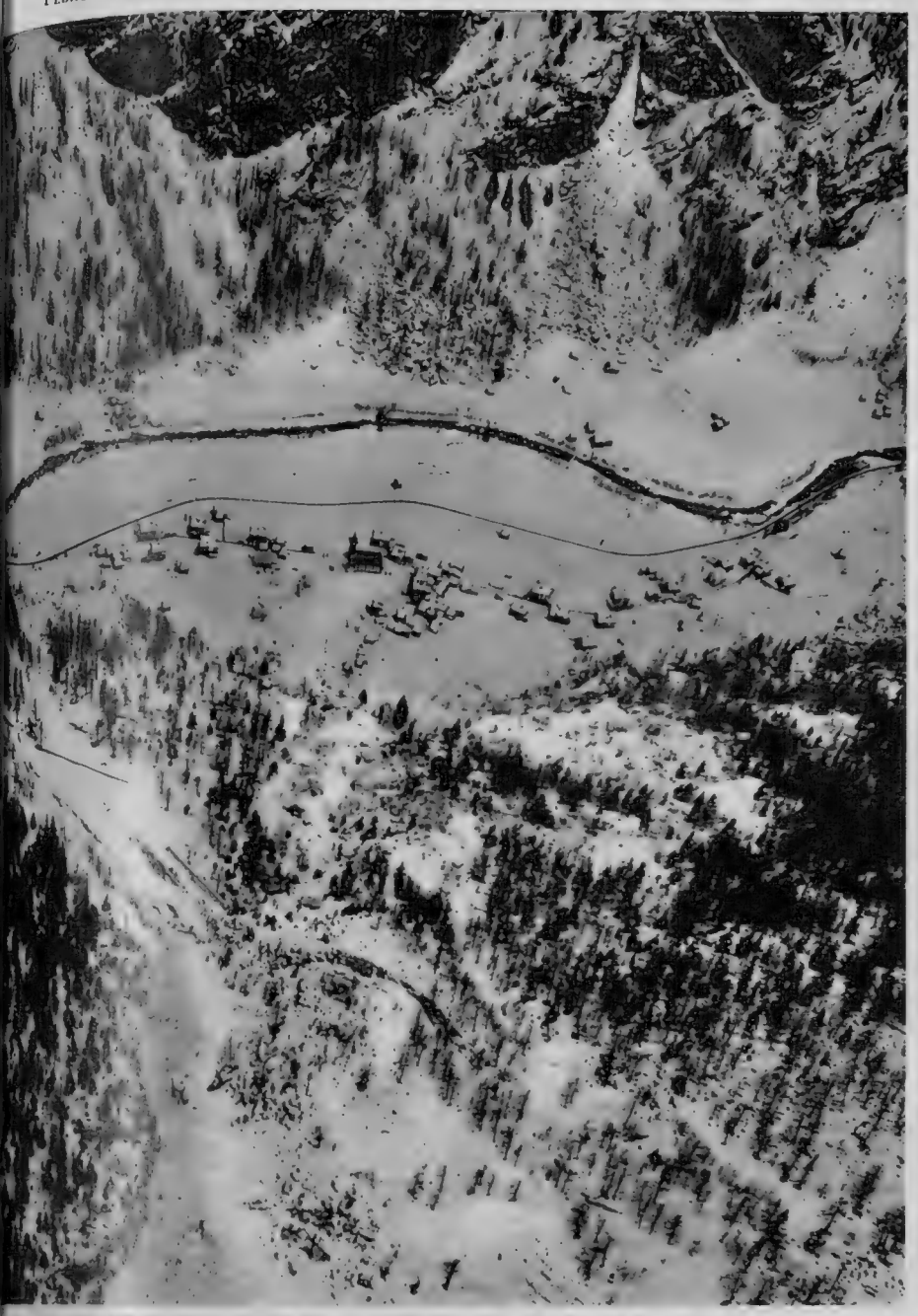
A Tornado and Widespread Floods in the U.S.; A Swiss Village Threatened by a Landslide

TORNADO DAMAGE IN ST. LOUIS: Ruined houses show the path, a mile long, of the tornado which struck the American city in the night, leaving many dead and injured in its wake. Most of the casualties were in crowded tenements to the west of the business area of the city.

THE PATH OF THE STORM: After the tornado in St. Louis blew out the rear wall of an apartment house, the rooms are left open to be seen by the passer-by. Large numbers of police and firemen engaged in rescue work were hindered by heavy rain. At least twenty people were killed.

WRECKAGE IN ST. LOUIS: A section of the roof of the arena was blown away by the tornado to leave a gaping hole. In foreground the antennæ of a television station lie across the buildings. The 575-ft. tower of the station was knocked down. The storm came in from the south-west, following the path of the tornado in 1927, which killed more than 100 people. It struck first at two suburbs, Kirkwood and Brentwood, but caused the most damage in the tenements to the west of the business section. As the search continued it was known that at least 265 people had been injured.

FLOODS IN THE UNITED STATES: *Left*—Along each bank of the Wabash River are lines of trees. The river in Indiana is jammed with ice, and between Logansport and Lafayette the floodwaters spread far out on each side of the river. *Right*—In Finlay, Ohio, floodwater from the Blanchard River inundates streets in the centre of the city. Reports of widespread flood damage from many parts of the U.S. were received. The Wabash, swollen by ice blockages in central and western Indiana, drove 1,500 families from their homes.



VILLAGE THREATENED BY A LANDSLIDE IN SWITZERLAND: High above Herbriggen is part of a mass of earth and rock (foreground), which started to slip down the Nadelhorn Mountain. Most of the 200 villagers abandoned their homes. About 190,000 cub. yards of earth and rock slid 70 ft.

ON THE NADELHORN: On the 14,205-ft. mountain, latest reports said that the landslide was motionless for 24 hours. Frost apparently had arrested its progress, at least temporarily. Swiss aircraft reconnoitred the mountain.

As helicopters kept watch on a great mass of rock and earth sliding down the Nadelhorn and leaving a great scar in its wake, the villagers of Herbriggen gathered up their belongings on to sledges and took refuge in the Visp Valley. The hamlet hidden at the bottom of a precipitous valley between two mountains was left deserted. Pilots reconnoitring the landslide estimated that about 190,000 cub. yards of rock and earth slipped 70 ft. in a few days. Later, the mass stopped moving—apparently halted, at least temporarily, by frost. Traffic on the Visp–Zermatt railway and road was warned that the routes would be closed if a threatening rumble were heard. There was, however, no question that Zermatt would be completely isolated.

THE FLOODED STREETS OF FREMONT: In Ohio, the Sandusky River covers the downtown area of the American city. About 1,000 inhabitants were forced to leave their homes. Many householders were still cleaning up their homes after floods which occurred in the previous month.

IN HERBRIGGEN: Villagers load their belongings on to sledges as they leave the Swiss hamlet threatened by a landslide. They found refuge in the valley which lies between Visp and the winter sports resort of Zermatt.

The World of Books

MANY ASPECTS OF WAR

The Life of Admiral Ramsay; Secret Service Revelations; Deportees to Siberia; A Famous Battle of Long Ago; Novels and Some New Short Stories by H. E. Bates

AT the time of Dunkirk it was Vice-Admiral Ramsay who, as Flag Officer at Dover, organised the rescue of our army from the beaches of France, and it was as Allied Naval Commander-in-Chief that Admiral Sir Bertram Ramsay directed the D-Day assault on the enemy in Normandy. He was killed in a tragic aeroplane accident on January 2, 1945, before he could see the victory that his efforts had helped so much to bring about but not before the brilliant success of his plans.

FULL CYCLE (Hodder and Stoughton. 30s.) is the biography of this great sailor by Rear-Admiral W. S. Chalmers. Ramsay's career was not by any means a straight and golden path, and the author, in the fairly short first section devoted to his pre-war work and appointments, gives a clear picture of some of his disappointments and frustrations. The greater part of the book, however, is devoted to Ramsay's exploits in the last war, his relations with his colleagues and his allied opposite numbers, and his constant concern for the strength and dignity of the Senior Service.

STRANGER THAN FICTION (Hutchinson. 25s.) is Mr. Dennis Wheatley's account of his own war activities which are best described by his title. A best-selling novelist before the war, Mr. Wheatley was eventually invited to join the select society of the Joint Planning Staff, Sir Winston Churchill's team of naval, military and Air Force officers, who worked in the offices of the War Cabinet. Being a writer of fiction meant that Mr. Wheatley was acknowledged and accepted as a man with considerable imagination. The papers which he wrote during 1940 and 1941 on the subjects of invasion, future strategy, information and the political object of the war, were available during that time to the J.P.S. of the War Cabinet, but they were, as Mr. Wheatley is at pains to point out, entirely his own work and did not represent official Governmental views. None the less, they are worth a wider dissemination than they originally had.

There is another aspect of war in Maria Hadow's autobiography, PAYING GUEST IN SIBERIA (Harvill. 15s.), which tells of the deportation of this Polish lady to the steppes of Siberia, with her mother, whom she refused to leave. At that time the Poles knew Germany as their enemy, but it was Russia, their hereditary foe, who was to deal most savagely with them. In the case of the writer, she and her mother were unloaded with other unfortunates, after an infernal train journey of fifteen days, in a region of bare, dry land, with no houses, no trees and scarcely any vegetation—". . . then we understood why they had no fear that we might escape." Through courage and the use of initiative, they both survived for a time and, after the mother's death, Maria Hadow made her way to Persia, where she found freedom and the happiness which came from marriage to an English diplomat. A fascinating book written with a praiseworthy lack of bitterness.

Count Alfred Potocki writes from another Polish standpoint. He is a member of an old family which, even during the war, managed to retain a feudal way of life. Their 600-year-old castle, Lancut, is known even to our insular ears and this was the home which Alfred Potocki inherited forty-four years ago. With its estates, the property is the size of an English county, and the Potockis have recognised it as the central point of the lives which took them on visits to friends and relations all over Europe and Scandinavia, to England and the United States. MASTER OF LANCUT (W. H. Allen. 25s.) is not by any means a hard-luck story: it could hardly be that. But it is an absorbing, half-fabulous, half-exasperating story of life on a royal, not to say an imperial scale, told with an easy charm against a background of strong Polish loyalties.

Two hundred years ago, and at the end of no more than ten minutes' firing, occurred an event which was to change the history of North America. It was September 1759 and Wolfe's forces were facing the French, under Montcalm, on the heights of Quebec. The French had, for almost 100 years, been attempting to circumscribe and limit the English possessions in all that northern part of the continent. This was the end of their efforts and the beginning, ironically enough, of the period which made the American Revolution possible. In THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) Mr. Brian Connell writes vigorously and well of this turning-point in the history of the English-speaking world and has some interesting things to say about that land-hungry young colonel, George Washington.

A PEARL TO INDIA (Hart-Davis. 25s.) is Mr. Vincent Cronin's biography of Roberto de Nobili, a well-born Italian Jesuit who, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, established himself in South India and there preached Christianity in conditions of extreme and almost hopeless difficulty. He learned Sanskrit and may have been the first European to do so; he studied the Vedanta and he suffered the suspicions of his fellow-Europeans, and of the Brahmins, who thought him to be a Turk in disguise. Mr. Cronin tells his life-story with a kind of reverent solemnity which makes its own effect and indeed adds to the atmosphere of intellectual courage in which de Nobili seems to have existed.

The late Wilfred Fienburgh was a Member of Parliament in the Labour interest, a journalist, soldier and social research worker. When he died a year ago after a car smash he had already written his first novel, which is now published. The vitality and variety of the interests he had during his all-too-short career prepare the reader for something far from banal. NO LOVE FOR JOHNNIE (Hutchinson. 15s.) is an almost painfully direct story of a youngish man who, in politics, is a cynical careerist. Johnnie has a wife with whom he lives for the most part on tolerant terms, though her excursion into Communism is not to his taste. They part, he falls in love with a young girl, and then, when he loses her and his wife offers to come back to him, Johnnie sacrifices any hope of domestic life by accepting a government

AN HONOUR FOR A FAMOUS AUTHORESS: Dame Rebecca West leaves Buckingham Palace after receiving the D.B.E., awarded to her in the New Year Honours. With her is her husband, Mr. Henry Andrews. Dame Rebecca has written on a wide variety of subjects since she first began publishing in 1916. Among her best-known books are *The Thinking Reed* (1936) and *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon* (1942), which remains a standard work on Yugoslavia. At present she is working on a sequel to her novel *The Fountain Overflows* (1957).

appointment and showing himself, once and for all, a the place-seeker he is. Candid and with some hair-raisin glimpses of party machines at work.

A WOMAN BESIEGED (Heinemann. 16s.), by Mr. Desmond Stewart, is the story of a still beautiful Hungarian woman married to an Englishman and as bored by his unfaithfulness as by her own. The situation, it could be said, is not altogether a unique one, but the author has made from it a far from ordinary novel. The setting, for one thing, is not the polite Hampstead or Chelsea that one might have expected, but a Middle Eastern country in which the husband works for an oil company; the wife's discontent is on something more than a frivolous, comic-strip level, and the most important and certainly the most memorable part of the book deals with her stay in the mountains of Kurdistan, where she finds a kind of peace. Unusual, adult and all the more moving for its lack of sentimentality.

Now for two transatlantic novels. MAKE MY BED (Gollancz. 15s.) is Mr. Nathaniel Burt's novel, sophisticated, perceptive and for the most part very amusing, about a pretty young woman and the two men who want to marry her. The scene is New England and the girl is the sister-in-law of the narrator, a music professor at a provincial university. Throughout the story the background remains smoothly civilised, the characters all the more real for not being particularly rugged, and the conversations profoundly revealing, although not consciously of the soul-searching order. I enjoyed it all hugely and can recommend it to those who would like a change from the great, big, southern sagas.

THE UGLY AMERICAN (Gollancz. 16s.) could just possibly be an answer to Mr. Greene's fairly recent novel, but equally possibly this tale of American diplomacy in the Far East has sprung full-fledged from the brows of Mr. William J. Lederer and Mr. Eugene Burdick. In any case, it has been written with a serious intent, is based on fact and, in the words of the authors, "the things we write about have, in essence, happened." Admirably crisp in its writing, and alarming in its political inferences.

Both this week's collections of short stories come from distinguished authors, English and American. THE WATERCRESS GIRL (Michael Joseph. 13s. 6d.) is an enchanting book of thirteen stories by Mr. H. E. Bates; stories which hold childhood and golden country days within them. There is nothing here of the rollicking lustiness of *The Darling Buds of May* but a quieter, more poetic vision which, in this writer, is as pure and coolly revivi ing as spring water. The third volume of Mr. William Faulkner's collection, DR. MARTINO AND OTHER STORIES (Chatto and Windus. 15s.), is a very different affair. Here are tales of the Deep South, of Negroes and pretty poor whites, of injustice and poverty, violence, pity and wonder. They are as uncompromisingly stark as one has learned to expect, and as forceful.

SWEAR BY APOLLO (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. begins and ends in eighteenth-century America, but it is chiefly set in an island of the Outer Hebrides, to which a young New Hampshire doctor comes to stay with the laird and to learn even more than his Hippocratic oath had prepared him for. Second sight, for instance, is not a phenomenon to which he had given much credence, but in Shirley Barker's imaginative novel, it is the thread which connects a story of love and hate. Vernon Fane

THE INCA EMPIRE

A New View on Old Kingdoms

It has usually been considered that the Inca Empire, which not only united all the Central Andes but extended north to Colombia and south to Chile and Argentina, was discovered in all its full flowering by the Spanish Conquistador Pizarro in 1533. Siegfried Huber, whose book, THE REALM OF THE INCAS (Robert Hale. 21s.), now makes its appearance, does not seem to agree with that view. He discards the earlier theories which were until recently accepted by such scholars as Markham and Means, and, delving deeply into the myths and legends of the period, attempts to prove that the kingdom of the Incas fell into the hands of the Spaniards like a rotten fruit. Mr. Huber has carried out the most careful research and the reader will certainly find the author's theories intriguing and plausible. What Mr. Huber does supremely well is to translate for us the meaning of the monuments of Chimu, mountain-guarded Chavin, Titicaca, Cuzco of the mighty stones, and many others. They speak a curious language. They are milestones on the path of humanity, passed by a series of races who left their seal upon the earth only to be overwhelmed and to vanish for ever. Here is a very wonderful glimpse into the ancient origins of the vast Inca realm where perhaps the greatest mysteries have been preserved. As Mr. Huber says, "Here the frontiers so often seem to be on the borderline of twilight and dreams."

Tahiti is beyond doubt the most famous island of the South Seas. Everyone knows about its beautiful brown-skinned Polynesian girls who dance the hula-hula, its sleepy palm-girt lagoons, its mild and languorous climate, and the tropical prodigality of nature which cuts down to a minimum the necessity for work. Strangely enough the varied and colourful story has never been brought together before in a single book in the English language. Robert Langdon is certain to be congratulated on the way he has assembled the known facts in his travelogue, ISLAND OF LOVE (Cassell. 21s.). Although Ferdinand Magellan entered the Pacific in 1515, and was the first Western navigator to cross the ocean, Tahiti was not discovered until June 1767, the discoverer being Captain Wallis in the *Dolphin*. The first Frenchman to reach Tahiti was Captain Louis de Bougainville, who in true Gallic fashion became lyrical about this place "where Venus is the goddess of hospitality, where the very air the people breathe, their songs and their dances all conspire to call to mind the sweets of love, and all engage to give themselves up to them." Mr. Langdon writes racily and well, devoting several chapters to the early voyagers, making much of the *Bounty's* famous stay, the period of missionary invasion, the early days of the French Protectorate, and modern Tahiti, not omitting the period when the great Gauguin made his home there, revelling in the free and easy life, the absence of European restraint. This is an excellent tale, and the only real regret lies in the modern-day hardship Tahiti has undergone when left so severely to its own resources by an apathetic French Government. It seems the theory of all play and no work does not quite fit the technological age. Perhaps the Fifth Republic of Charles de Gaulle will do something about the neglected Pacific possessions.

FRENCH COMEDY AT THE LONDON OLD VIC: In a scene from Molière's play, *Tartuffe*, are, from left to right, Dorine (Christine Finn), Elmire (Pauline Jameson), Cleante (Charles West), Tartuffe (Derek Francis), and Orgon (Gerald James). Cleante, the lawyer, is appealing to Tartuffe to save his client Orgon.

THE HYPOCRITE EXPOSED: Elmire, (Pauline Jameson), pushes her husband Orgon back under the table, as she leads Tartuffe to confess his designs on her.

A MOLIERE DOUBLE BILL

Under the ægis of Louis XIV, Molière wrote a series of plays, the speed and precision of which is matched by the intellectual vigour of the dialogue In the corpus of English drama, only Restoration comedy offers a parallel in the fluency and strength of the wit. But unlike the dramatists of that period Molière lays claim to the serious intention of the "amendment of vices by correction." His plays are rather *exposés* than emotional comedies. At the London Old Vic are two examples of his work, both freely adapted by Miles Malleson.

Sganarelle, is a curtain raiser, in which the translator gives a delightful performance as a man too timid to punish his wife's supposed infidelity. A bustle of mistaken identity, the play is a portrait of hair-trigger jealousy. The second half of the evening is devoted to a shortened version of *Tartuffe*, a study of a confidence trickster who chooses piety as his method of attack. Tartuffe, the oily hypocrite, is both to be laughed at and to be feared in his success with the gullible.

Whatever the French view of the matter, the translations enable the actors to convey the wit of the French in racy English. Derek Francis plays the hypocrite with a convincing smugness. Pauline Jameson acts both Sganarelle's wife and Mme. Orgon, the object of Tartuffe's desires. The sets by Patrick Robertson and the dresses by Michael Baldwin capture the spirit of this period of elegant decoration.

On right—

THE FIRST HALF OF THE DOUBLE BILL: Sganarelle, played by Miles Malleson, the eponymous hero of the Molière play, stands threatening in warlike costume (left). He intends to intimidate Lelie (Barrie Ingham) whom he believes to be his wife's lover. Right is Sganarelle's wife (Christine Finn) and behind is Rosalind Atkinson as her Nurse.

A SCENE FROM "TARTUFFE": The bailiff Loyale (Norman Scace) holds his staff as he comes to execute a writ issued by Tartuffe to dispossess Orgon, his benefactor. From left to right are Elmire, Cleante, and Orgon. Both plays were freely translated by Miles Malleson, who also acted in and produced *Sganarelle*. They are in the repertory at the Old Vic.

Here are two books about wild life, both of very pecial interest. R. S. R. Fitter's THE ARK IN OUR IIDST (Collins. 18s.) is the first comprehensive urvey ever made of the larger animals introduced to the British Isles, mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians and shes which have taken up their abode in the British ark, not to mention the Noahs who introduced them. The Middle Ages saw a considerable increase in the stock f introduced animals, for besides the pheasant and the abbit, there was the accidental arrival of the black rat, he deliberate introduction of the carp and the beginning f the feral goat herds. At first only the most eminent ersonages indulged in acclimatisation, and it was ing James I whose fallow deer came from Scandinavia Scotland, King Charles I who imported wild boars, nd his son who brought in the red-legged partridge.

Douglas Lockwood's CROCODILES AND OTHER EOPLE (Cassell. 18s.) stems from the author's xperiences as a newspaper correspondent in the tropical orthern Territory of Australia. For ten years he has een travelling round that sparsely populated land of 00,000 square miles, reporting weird and wonderful ories. Many touch upon the dangers of crocodile unts. As for the author's stories of the wallaby that ot a man and the crocodile that lived in the Commercial ank, they definitely belong to the legend of the outback.

Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Hitchcock's SADDLE UP tanley Paul, 25s.) is a modern guide to stable management nd equitation. It now appears completely revised and ith new chapters added. It is sure of a warm welcome. he same applies to N. P. H. Harbey's THE ROSE IN RITAIN (Souvenir Press. 25s.), another standard work, rst published in 1951. From the outset it has been in keen emand. The volume contains twenty-five colour-plates.

R. C. E.

AN A.A. TENTH ANNIVERSARY

The Radio-controlled Breakdown Service Began in 1949; A New M.G. Magnette; Preserving Vintage Cars; Aston Martins Available with Automatic Transmission; Mr. Vandervell Honoured

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE Automobile Association, which now has more than 2,150,000 members, has just been celebrating an interesting anniversary: the tenth birthday of its radio road service. I do not think Viscount Brentford, chairman of the Association, was exaggerating when he claimed, at a Press party, that the A.A.'s radio-controlled breakdown service had brought about a quiet revolution in the character of private motoring in Britain. The use of radio by the Association to send help more speedily to stranded members began in a small way in London in 1949. At first there were only two radio-controlled vehicles.

To-day there is radio coverage for twenty-seven major cities and towns all over Britain and free breakdown assistance has been given to A.A. members on more than 1,800,000 occasions. In this connection the word "breakdown" covers anything that can put a car out of action, including punctures, loss of ignition keys and running out of petrol. Birmingham was the first city outside London to operate a radio control scheme. That was in 1950. Leeds was brought into the network in the following year. Guildford followed, then Glasgow and many others. In 1959 the network is being extended to three new areas: East Anglia, East Midlands and the extreme north-east of England. When this programme is completed, the A.A. radio network will cover 47,000 sq. miles, with about 400 radio-equipped vehicles giving round-the-clock service. In 1949 radio was used to send help to an average of 500 breakdowns a week. Now, the average is nearer 1,000 every day. Since the radio scheme was started ten years ago, A.A. vehicles have travelled 12,000,000 miles to help nearly a million stranded members. In addition, more than 800,000 members have been helped—through radio links—by garages which run 24-hour services.

The A.A. always asks a garage to go to the aid of stranded members if by so doing they can be helped more quickly than by sending an A.A. Land-Rover. The A.A. has never been in competition with the motor trade and last year it paid out nearly £300,000 to garages which helped members on its behalf. The causes of breakdowns have not varied much over the years. Mechanical trouble still accounts for about half the SOS calls, with engines, transmissions and clutches being mostly to blame, in that order. It was Viscount Brentford who, during the anniversary celebrations, neatly put into perspective the importance of the A.A. radio service when he declared: "We sent breakdown help to a member, somewhere or other in Britain, every minute of the day and night, on average, in 1958."

TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE A.A. RADIO SERVICE: Viscount Brentford, chairman of the A.A., presents a shield to Superintendent L. C. Standring at the service depot in London to mark the tenth anniversary of the introduction of the Association's radio-controlled breakdown service.

MR. VANDERVELL HONOURED: The Ferodo gold trophy is presented to Mr. Vandervell by Mr. Geoffrey Sutcliffe, chairman of Ferodo Ltd., marking the success of the Vanwall cars last year. Looking on are Stirling Moss and Tony Brooks, the *équipe's* leading drivers last year. The trophy was given outright, as it was the third time that Mr. Vandervell had won it.

The announcement of the new M.G. Magnette caused rather a controversy in motoring circles. Many M.G. fans declared that the Magnette has lost its old, distinctive character; that it is no longer a thoroughbred sports saloon. They based this criticism mainly on the fact that the new model uses the same body shell as the recently-announced Austin A55 and Wolseley 15/60. It cannot be denied that under the British Motor Corporation's bold rationalisation policy other famous *marques* besides the M.G. have lost much of their former character and personality. But the age of the medium-priced specialist car is passing. Faced with tough competition in foreign markets, a big producer like B.M.C. cannot afford to build cars with limited appeal. Quantity production is the only way to keep prices down and theoretically B.M.C. should be concentrating on two or three models. Through rationalisation they are getting as close to this ideal as they possibly can having regard to the traditions of the British motor industry and its old-established dealership system. Before long we shall stop thinking of the various B.M.C. models as different *marques*. Instead, we shall regard them as variants of a basic model. In the case of B.M.C.'s 1½-litre range, powered by the Corporation's "B" series engine, the new Austin A55 could perhaps be regarded as the standard model, with the new Wolseley as a de luxe version and the new Magnette as a more sporting variant. All the same, it is surprising how the stylists can ring the changes on a single body shell, especially when they are able to specify a distinctive radiator grille and alter the shape of the rear fins.

THE M.G. MAGNETTE: The Mark III, produced by B.M.C., uses the same body shell as the Austin A55 and Wolseley 15/60. A top speed of about 85 m.p.h. is claimed.

The new Magnette is certainly a handsome car, and the performance is lively. Twin carburetters help to take the car swiftly to its top speed of around 85 m.p.h. and acceleration is lively. Here are B.M.C.'s own figures, which I have not yet had a chance of checking: 10-30 m.p.h. in 10·5 seconds; 20-40, 11·6 secs.; 30-50, 12·5 secs.; 40-60, 14·6 secs.; 50-70, 19·5 secs. The price of the new Magnette is unchanged at £1,072 7s., including £358 7s. tax. It has a luxuriously finished interior, with well-shaped individual front seats, leather upholstery, deep-pile carpets and walnut facia and door cappings. The Magnette shares with the new Austin and Wolseley models such features of the Farina-designed body as the elegance of its Continental Look; the capacious, unobstructed luggage boot; doors that open wide, shut easily and have child-proof locks; and wrap-round screen and rear window.

There was quite a row the other night in the historic, dignified main committee room at the R.A.C. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu had called a meeting of enthusiasts to launch a National Vehicle Trust with the object of preserving veteran and vintage cars and motor-cycles. Lord Montagu runs an excellent car and motor-cycle museum at his lovely home at Beaulieu, Hampshire, and he went out of his way at the start of the meeting to make it clear that there was no intention that his museum should benefit by the formation of the proposed Trust. The plan ran into unexpected and what appeared rather petulant opposition from the Veteran Car Club and the Vintage Motor Cycle Club.

Representatives of both these clubs criticised Lord Montagu for having associated the clubs with his scheme, in his preliminary publicity, without having consulted them. This appeared to be their main complaint, but they also seemed to regard the proposal as a slight; as a kind of reproach that they, as clubs, were not doing all they might to ensure that as many historic vehicles as possible are preserved and kept in this country in spite of tempting cash offers from the U.S. and elsewhere. Lord Montagu apologised to the clubs for not having obtained their permission to use their names but remarked that he thought they might have felt even more insulted had he left their names out! Much of what was said on behalf of the Veteran Car Club seemed to me to be childish. There was plenty of support at the meeting for the idea of a Trust and another meeting of interested clubs is to be held shortly. Both the Veteran Car Club and the Vintage Motor Cycle Club promised to send representatives, though they did not make it clear whether or not they are prepared to modify their antagonistic attitude.

Mr. David Brown has announced that his Aston Martin DB3 models are now available with Borg-Warner automatic transmission. It costs £150 extra, plus purchase tax, which means that the saloon now costs a total of £3,301 with automatic box and the drophead coupe £3,676. Aston Martin technicians tell me the car's sporting characteristics are in no way affected by the use of automatic transmission. Acceleration to 60 m.p.h. is actually improved.

The Borg-Warner company has issued some advice on driving in fog to motorists who use cars fitted with their automatic gear-box. It points out that while this transmission, with the "Drive" position selected, always provides the correct gear ratio, the strain on the battery when driving at very low speeds should not be overlooked. Driving in fog a motorist can throw a particularly heavy burden on his battery. He may be using his headlights, fog lights, heater, radio and demisters—and the cigarette lighter, too. So it is better, says Borg-Warner, to use "Low" rather than "Drive" when fog keeps your speed down to 10 m.p.h. The output of the dynamo is greatly increased that way. Borg-Warner also advises "automatic" drivers to operate the footbrake with their left foot in foggy weather.

This gives quicker braking and more precise control, with one foot concerned only with the accelerator pedal, the other with the brake. This advice is given because many drivers—and I am one of them—prefer to operate the footbrake with their right foot even when there is no clutch pedal to worry about. My own reason for doing so is that I drive many different types of car and I want my left foot to be available always for immediate operation of the clutch pedal—should there be one on the car I happen to be driving—in any sudden emergency.

It was a nice gesture of the Ferodo company to present their famous gold trophy outright to Mr. Tony Vandervell, *chef d'équipe* of the triumphant Vanwall team. A panel of judges awarded him the trophy for 1958 for making the biggest British contribution to the sport of motor racing. It is the third time he has won the trophy, so Ferodo have invited Mr. Vandervell to keep it as a gesture of admiration on his retirement from motor racing through ill health.

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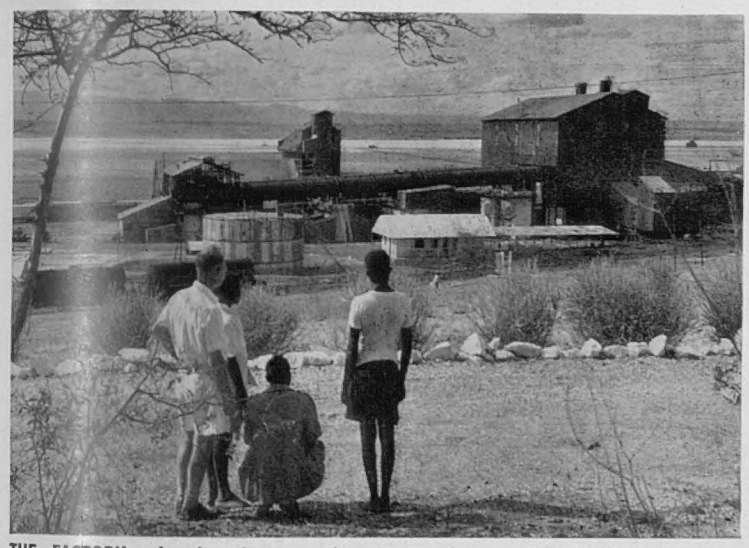
SODA FROM KENYA

Installations of the Magadi Soda Company

Soda is obtained from trona, a native form of hydrated basic carbonate of soda, which is found in saline residues in many parts of the world. A huge lake of the raw material was discovered in 1883 in Kenya, some distance from Nairobi. A company formed to exploit Lake Magadi ran into difficulties during the First World War. The present company, the Magadi Soda Company, was formed in 1924 and is to-day a subsidiary of Imperial Chemical Industries. The company is producing a steadily growing amount of soda. Much of it is used in the glass industry but it is also employed in many other industries, including soap manufacture, paper-making, metallurgy, and textiles. Besides soda ash, the Magadi Soda Company also produces about 2,000 tons of raw soda and 20,000 tons of salt. There remains at Lake Magadi, it is estimated, about 100,000,000 tons of trona, waiting to be processed. About 3,000 employees of the company live in a modern settlement on the edge of the lake in houses provided for them. A large building programme to provide more accommodation and amenities is under way. It includes modern African and Asian schools, a swimming-pool and an Anglican church, which was consecrated recently. Free medical care is provided.

A SODA FACTORY IN KENYA: In the centre is the factory of the Magadi Soda Company, with the settlement of African and Asian employees' quarters in the foreground. In the background is Lake Magadi, where there is the deposit of trona, the hydrated basic carbonate of soda. The nearest town to the settlement is Nairobi, some 75 miles away.

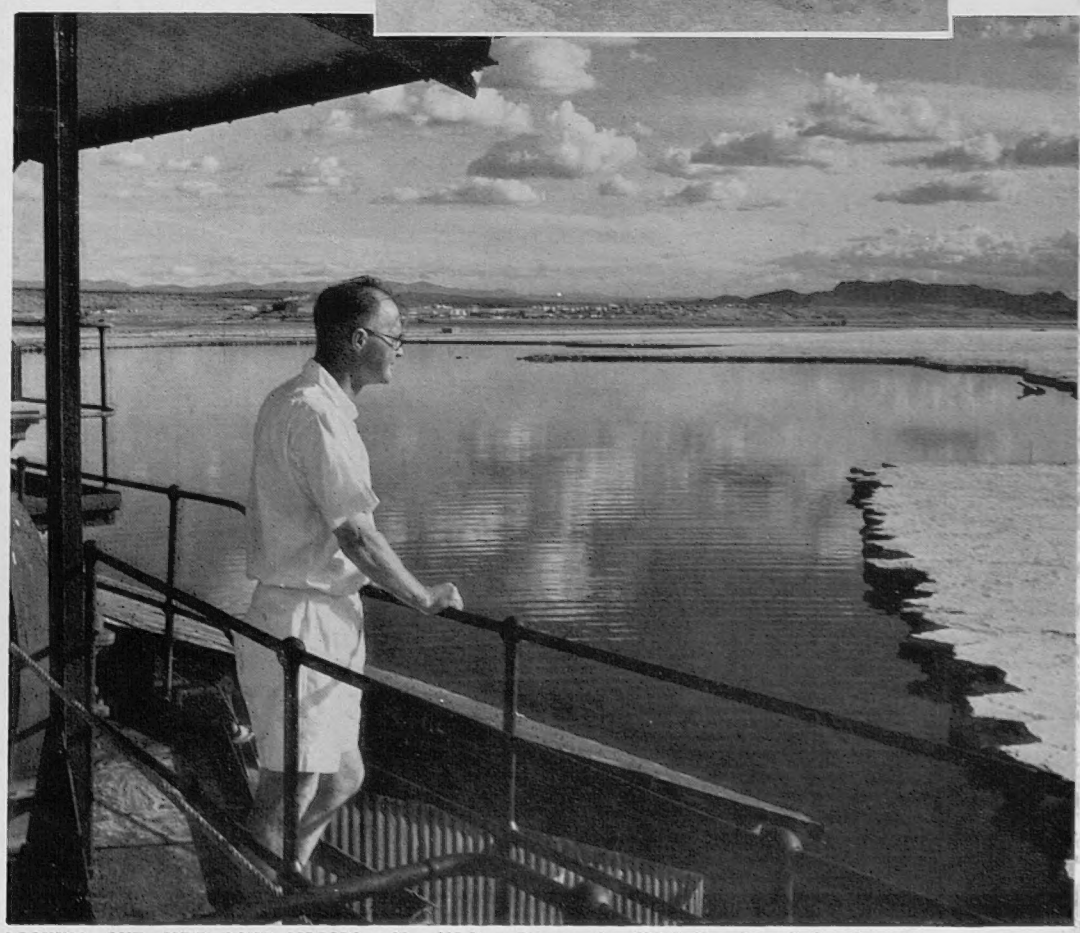


THE FACTORY: In the plant on the shores of Lake Magadi the raw trona is washed and dried. After it has been roasted, the soda is ground and sieved. It is packed into 200 lb. jute bags. Soda is used in many industries. About 150,000 tons of soda ash are produced at Lake Magadi every year.

On right—

KNEE-DEEP IN SODA: Employees shovel the raw material on to a conveyor belt, which carries it to the calciners where it is roasted.

THE RAW MATERIAL: A huge dredger digs at the crust of trona on Lake Magadi. The dredger crushes up the trona and mixes it with liquid from the lake before it is pumped ashore to be processed at the factory.



LOOKING OUT OVER LAKE MAGADI: Mr. Walter Rouse, the Chief Chemist of the Company, stands at the rail of the dredger used for scooping out the trona. The deposit is sometimes 10 ft. deep and it is estimated that there are about 100,000,000 tons of trona in it.

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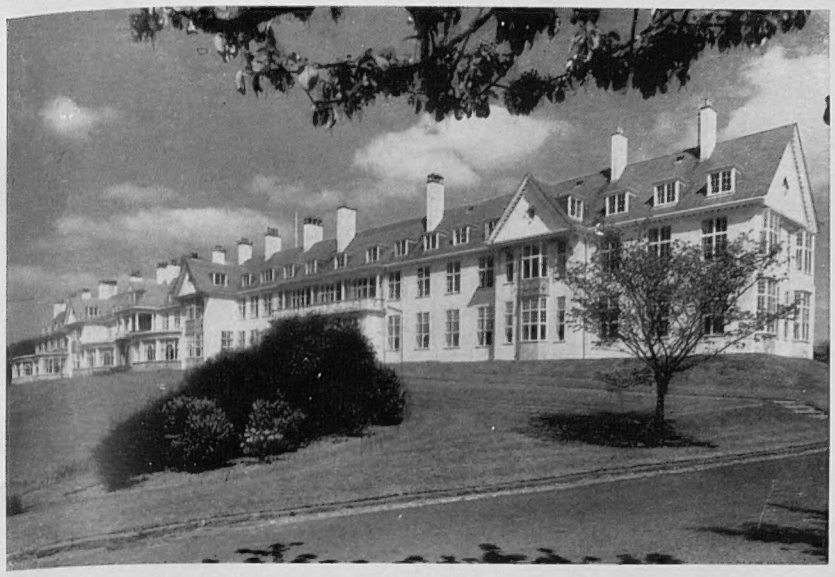

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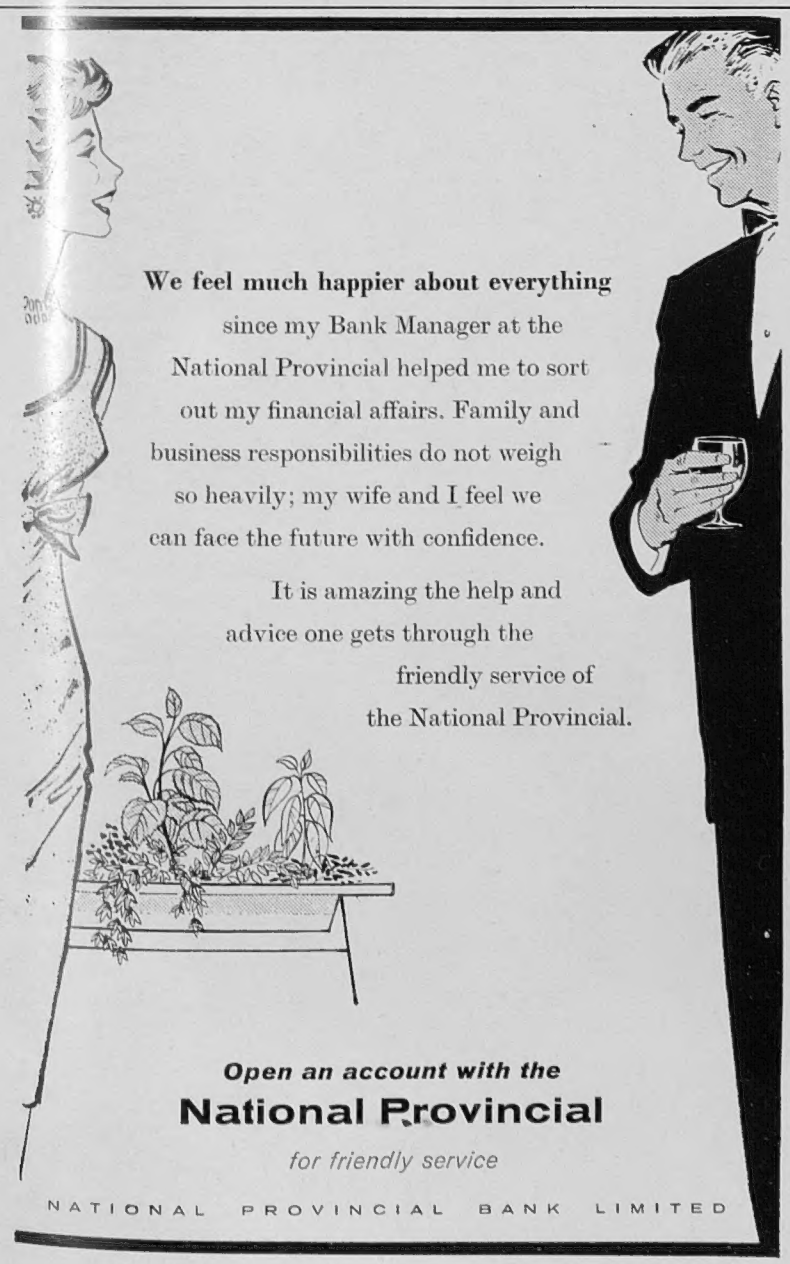

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